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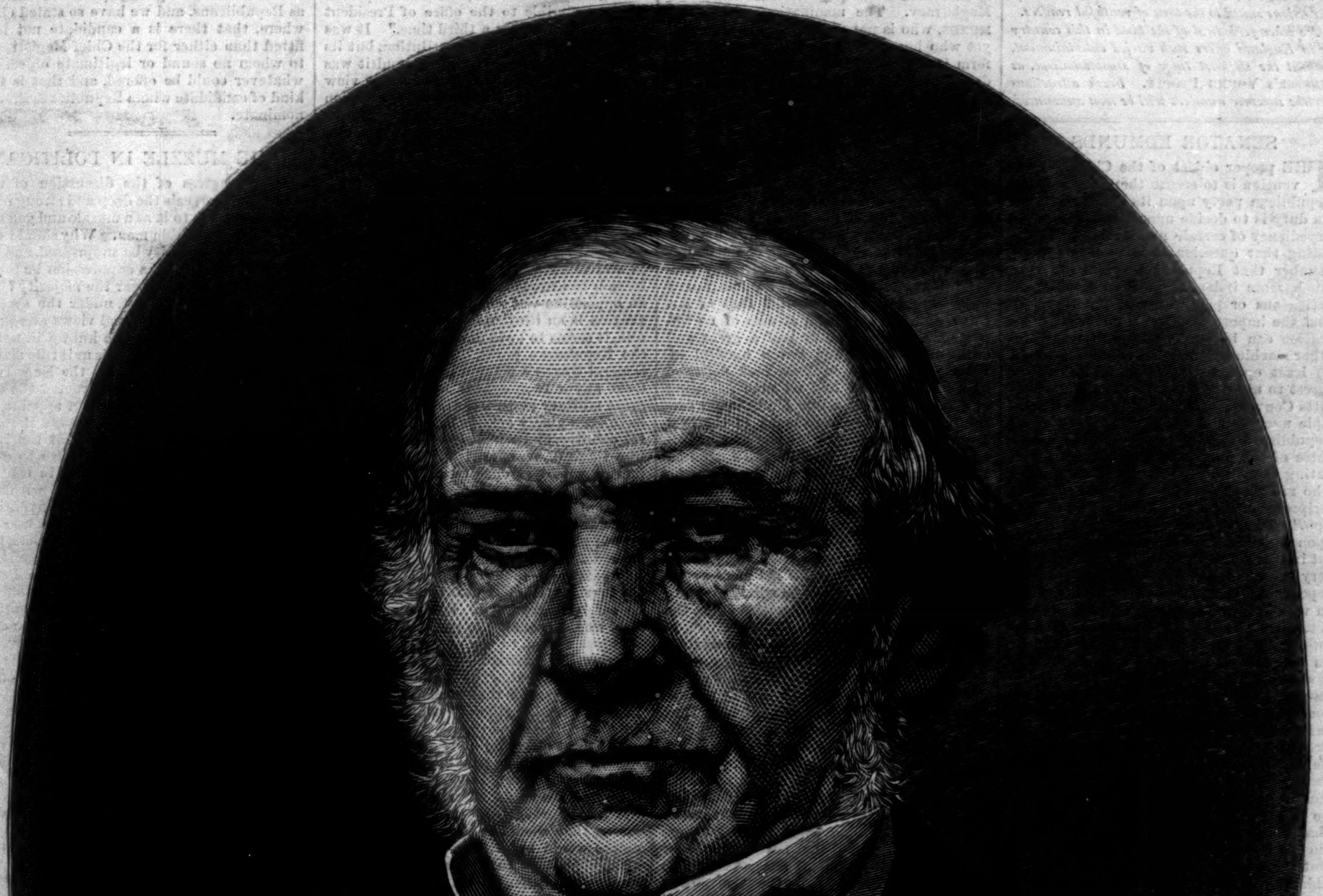


THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M. P.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 22, 1880.

"Harper's Young People has come to be the leading paper for juvenile readers."—*Troy Budget.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 28, published May 11, offers many attractive features. Besides the two serials, "Across the Ocean," and "The Story of Washington," it contains an illustrated article on the Seal Fishery; an interesting story called "A Boat-Race at Yarrow"; "The Last Battle of the Revolution," by* Lossing, *with an illustration; an entertaining natural history sketch of "Marabous and Hyenas," also illustrated; a humorous fable of a foolish donkey, by the distinguished artist* W. H. Beard, *with illustrations by the author; and other pictorial and literary attractions suited to the taste of youthful readers.*

No other periodical of the kind in this country or in England offers such varied entertainment, without the slightest tinge of sensationalism, as Harper's Young People. *Fresh attractions for the summer numbers will be soon announced.*

SENATOR EDMUNDS.

The proper object of the Chicago Convention is to secure the success of the Republican party upon its own principles. Its duty is to decide upon the comparative expediency of certain nominations. In deciding that question, it is essential to remember that Republican voters are very much more independent than Republican politicians or party organs, and therefore that the important point is not what nomination can be secured by unit rules and other machinery, but what candidacy would be least open to objection, and therefore surest to unite the party. The Massachusetts Convention has stated the true principle upon this subject: "The duty of all Republicans loyally to support the candidates of the party, and the duty of nominating Conventions to present candidates who are acceptable to all Republicans, are reciprocal duties of equal force and obligation." This is unquestionably the principle upon which hosts of Republican voters will act in this year's election. The situation is very critical, because the doubtful, or "independent," or "anti-third-term" Republican vote in New York, Ohio, and Illinois will determine the result. That vote is resolute, and has proved its ability to stand by its convictions; and there is no doubt that it will stand by them again. No risk, therefore, can be wisely taken. The necessary condition of Republican success is that the candidate shall be a statesman who has proved to the country his capacity for public affairs in such a way that, whether personally popular or not, no other objection can be offered to his nomination than that he is a Republican. We are quite aware that every public man of distinction has enemies, and is assailed with detraction. But there are public men to whom as candidates for the Presidency the objections are of a kind that defy explanation, and whose nomination would be a deliberate invitation of party defeat.

It is already evident that no candidate is the spontaneous choice of the party, as Mr. Lincoln was in 1864, and General Grant in 1868 and 1872, and that the decision must be made upon a careful consideration of expediency. We do not mean that it is desirable to take refuge in the availability of obscurity. In his eulogy of Mr. Seward, delivered at Albany in 1873, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, speaking of the defeat of Mr. Seward in the Chicago Convention of 1860, alluded to the question of availability, and said, "To be elected for the reason that a person has never done anything to display his powers of usefulness to bring about positive results, would seem to be like making elevation to power the prize of the greatest insignificance." A candidate, however, is not necessarily available because he has never done anything to indicate the ability and the courage of statesmanship. But among those to whom a party naturally turns for a candidate, it is plain that the one to whom there is evidently the least objection is the most available, and that those to whom there is the most general and positive objection are the least available. It can not be said that the action of the majority of the nominating Convention determines the availability, because it is possible to carry a nomination against the sober judgment of the Convention. It is in the discussions of the press before the meeting of the Convention that the situation should be candidly estimated in the interest of the party. We are to consider not only the objections that ought to be urged, but those that are urged, and all chances and probabilities.

As this important discussion now draws to an end, it seems to us evident that no candidate for the Republican nomination has been mentioned who would be so sure of election as Mr. Edmunds. The reason is obvious. It is that no other possible objection could be urged against him than that he is a Republican. He is a man of spotless character, profoundly respected and trusted by men of all parties; of great ability, and of long experience in public affairs; a thoroughly trained statesman; a party leader in the Senate and in his State for many years, who has the undivided confidence of his party associates; a man of strong convictions, of judicial temperament, of forcible character, neither a demagogue nor a "boss"; simple in manner, without conceit or bluster; a genuine American, who has established his remarkable capacity for the public service, and against whom as a candidate no Republican of any view could raise an objection, and for whom the independent vote would be cast most gladly as a man singularly fitted for the Chief Magistracy. The nomination of Mr. Edmunds, who is not especially a "reformer," yet who has entire sympathy with the reform instinct of the party, would at once deprive the Democratic party of every campaign cry which they are hoping to raise against the Republicans, and it would be the earnest that the Republican party proposes to continue the clean course of the present Administration, which we believe to be heartily approved by the conscience and common-sense of the country. If this be true, and it will not be denied, the fact that Mr. Edmunds has not a large number of delegates at the outset is of no importance. That has been true of many successful candidates. That he has not a large personal following, like that of Mr. Clay and Mr. Douglas, is also of no importance. Henry Clay had a great and enthusiastic following, but a handful of Liberty-party men in New York defeated him. Mr. Lincoln had no such following at Chicago in 1860, while Mr. Seward certainly had. There were many of the best Republicans who were bitterly disappointed by the defeat of Mr. Seward's nomination, but we have never heard of one who regretted the election of Mr. Lincoln. It is incontestable that Mr. Edmunds would receive every Republican vote that any other candidate would receive; that a large independent and Republican vote, which would not be given to all his more prominent competitors, would be surely given to him; and that the deep dissatisfaction, the personal rivalries and hostilities, which, in case of other nominations, would certainly endanger New York, and perhaps other States, would not be aroused by his candidacy. No sensible man can look at the figures of the last year's election in New York and not see how indispensable to Republican success is a wise nomination upon careful consideration of the situation. In that situation it is as plain as any future event of the kind can be that the nomination of Mr. Edmunds would be equivalent to an election. No defenses, no explanations, no deprecations, would be necessary. New York and Ohio would at once cease to be questionable States, and the Convention would have justified the confidence reposed in it by the Republican party.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

The St. Louis Convention will have met and adjourned before this paper is issued, and we go to press too soon for comment upon its proceedings. It is, however, too significant a sign of the political situation to be disregarded or misrepresented by any Republican paper which would clearly understand and honestly state the political prospect. To say, with Senator Carpenter, that there is always a class of persons who will oppose any nomination that may be suggested, is a queer way of proving that any nomination which may be suggested is expedient. To ridicule such a meeting as a conclave of grumbling "soreheads" is the feeble resource of a machine without brains, and is but an echo of the jeer which saluted the Conscience Whigs and the Free-soil Democrats, from whose union sprang the Republican party. The Republican protest against a third term, which is the point of the St. Louis Convention, is shared by such Republicans as General Grant's first Attorney-General, Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, his first Secretary of the Interior, General Cox, of Ohio, and Thurlow Weed, of New York. These are not "soreheads," and no Republican is less so than Mr. Hitchcock, the eminent lawyer of St. Louis, who was the chairman of the committee of invitations to the Convention. Great exception is taken to the unusual course of Republicans in opposing in advance the possible nomination of a Republican whose personal character is not questioned. No such opposition is made, it is argued, against Mr. Blaine's nomination, nor Mr. Edmunds's, nor Mr. Sherman's. Certainly not, and for the very obvious reason that no other nomination now proposed or ever made involved so serious a departure as that of General Grant would be from the settled usage of the country. That usage may be wise or unwise, but it would unquestionably be very perilous for the Republican party to attempt to violate it, and by so doing to alienate a vote necessary to party success. The national party Convention, indeed, may decide to violate the tradition, and to defy this vote, but no Republican who thinks such a course supremely hazardous for his party could be justified had he failed to raise a warning voice while there was yet time. The objection to a third term is not new or modern. Mr. Matthew Hale points out the interesting historical fact that the assent of New York to the adoption of the Constitution was given unqualifiedly, indeed, but in full confidence that the amendments proposed by the New York Convention would be adopted, and among them was this, "That no person shall be eligible to the office of President of the United States a third time." It was not made a part of the Constitution, but its principle has always prevailed, and it was proposed undoubtedly from the same view of republican government, in connection with the Chief Magistracy, which was held by Washington and Jefferson.

It seems very difficult for Republicans who favor the renomination of General Grant to understand the position of those Republicans who oppose it. As we were among the earliest to question its expediency, and as the subject has been warmly discussed for four months, we will endeaver to state why the suggestion of his renomination has aroused so strong and unusual an opposition—of which the St. Louis Convention is an illustration—and why, therefore, it seems to be so dangerous a course for the Republican party. The opposition to General Grant's nomination does not arise from any unwillingness to recognize his great military and patriotic services, which have been gladly acknowledged by a grateful country, and which have been honored like those of Washington. But his nomination would at once commit the Republican party to the defense of the proposition that, despite the "old crowd" and every untoward event of his civil administration—events and a crowd which would certainly have defeated him had he been nominated four years ago—he is so peculiarly fitted for the Presidential office that these things may be safely disregarded. His renomination, also, would commit the party, without the slightest reason, to the overthrow of a settled political tradition—a result which great numbers of Republicans would regard with more apprehension than Democratic success. It would tend, further, to confirm the despotism of "machine politics," which is one of the most alarming evils of the time, and one to which, also, equally large numbers of Republicans would not submit. Indeed, there is little doubt that the opposition to the renomination of General Grant is so strong that, should it be made, a third candidate would be presented. Now to these vital objections to the expediency of the candidacy of General Grant not one good answer has been offered. It has been said, indeed, that the third term is a silly bugbear and a sentimental folly. But that is not an argument to persuade Republicans who fear it to vote for it. It is also said that General Grant has discarded the men and influences that disgraced his administration. But "the old crowd" is solid for his nomination, and it has been always urged as his characteristic excellence that he deserted no friend under fire. It is, moreover, pleaded that other candidates have machines. But that is an admission, not an answer. The New York and Pennsylvania machines are the chief forces of his candidacy, and he is especially the candidate of machine politicians. As Republicans, we challenge any Republican to show why the party in a doubtful election should take such wholly unnecessary burdens and hazards.

Great as General Grant's military and patriotic services were—and they have been acknowledged nowhere more warmly than in these columns—and free from suspicion of personal corruption as he is, it will not be asserted that the hazard should be taken on the ground that he has shown exceptional fitness for the office. We have not observed that his most strenuous supporters urge that reason. They are content to insist that he is the most popular candidate, and "sure to be elected." That is a safe assertion, because nobody can tell positively who will be chosen until after election. But we can all see probabilities before election. Every Republican can satisfy himself by inquiring among his neighbors whether popular regard for the soldier of the Union can honestly be interpreted as a popular call to a third term of the Presidency. Meanwhile, of the Republican States which have held Conventions—States full of old Union soldiers, and in which gratitude to General Grant and loyalty to the cause that he served are universal—only two have declared for his nomination, and those only by the most desperate "machine" efforts, and by a meagre majority. The hesitating insinuations that he would receive the electoral vote of some Southern States are very much more ridiculous and sentimental than opposition to a third term. The essential question is not whether General Grant would carry Arkansas or Florida, but whether he would carry New York, where there was a Democratic majority last year. Under these circumstances, can his nomination be considered expedient for the party, however sincere may be the personal regard for him, and however illustrious his military services? If it be said that equally serious objections can be urged against the nomination of Mr. Blaine, we reply that there is no reason why the party should be restricted to a choice between the two gentlemen. We believe as Republicans, and we have so stated elsewhere, that there is a candidate not less fitted than either for the Chief Magistracy, to whom no sound or legitimate objection whatever could be offered, and that is the kind of candidate whom Republicans should nominate.

THE MUZZLE IN POLITICS.

The progress of the discussion of the "unit rule" reveals the deep and strong popular opposition to it as a muzzle and gag unworthy of honorable men. Why should the voice of any minority be suppressed, and especially why should a suppression be tolerated which may overbear the majority? It is hard enough at best, under the system which prevails, for the real views and preferences of the voters to be known in nominating Conventions, but this unit rule makes it impossible. Fortunately the New York Convention, although it instructed the district delegates, whom it did not appoint, refrained from attempting to impose the gag of the unit rule. We trust that the New York district delegates will refuse to obey the instructions when they are in conflict with their own preferences and with the views of their districts. The Convention, which refused to set aside delegates because they were the choice of their districts, had no authority whatever to try to force them to misrepresent those districts. In Pennsylvania, notwithstanding the instructions and the unit rule of the State Convention, some of the District Conventions have called upon their delegates not to misrepresent the district choice by obeying the State instructions, and the delegates will undoubtedly gladly respond.

The last National Convention having decided that it was for its purposes a supreme body, and that every delegate should "vote his own sentiments," the New York delegates whose sentiments are not in harmony with their instructions might well have a mutual understanding that they will vote according to their own views, and not according to the views of others. The unit rule attempts to make the district delegate the representative of the delegation. Instructions attempt to make him the representative of the State Convention. But his election makes him the representative of a constituency with whose convictions he agrees. His duty, therefore, is plain. It is to take care that the views of the Republicans who selected him are represented in the National Convention, and that he does not give the aid of his vote to the views of those with whom neither he nor his district agrees. The majority must finally decide the nomination. But it must be an honest majority. It must be a free majority. It must be a majority of delegates who individually think as they vote. Anything else is treachery to the party, and betrayal of the public welfare. The question of the nomination in the Convention is this, What is the wish of the Republican constituencies which stand behind these 756 delegates? That question can not be answered by the unit rule, and by instructions which suppress minorities. It can be answered only by every delegate voting his own sentiments, which are those of his constituency.

The instructions of the New York Convention attempt to bind probably twenty of the seventy delegates to betray their constituencies. Why should these delegates acquiesce in the attempt? We presume that if they conferred with each other, they would find entire willingness to repel the dictation, and to stand together for their rightful independence in the National Convention. A common understanding to this effect would be very serviceable, as showing each one that he is not alone. The only objection that has been offered to this course is that every delegate is honorably bound to follow instructions against which he did not protest. But as the Convention had no authority whatever to instruct, its action in instructing certainly can not honorably bind delegates who were not present; and those who were present were not bound to protest, if they did not choose to do so, against a wholly unauthorized action. Indeed, the theory that a member of a Convention is bound to support everything done by it, unless he protests in a speech, or bolts, is fatal to political independence and self-respect. It would prevent the participation of the best men in Conventions, and make the rule of the sordid and stolid machine more inexorable than ever. In the present case, however, that question does not arise. The question is simply whether delegates are honorably bound to follow the instructions of those who had no right to instruct. It seems to us that honorable men and Republicans can have but one answer to that question, and Senator Robertson has done a great service to honorable politics and to the Republican party by frankly and openly declaring that he will vote according to his own convictions.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

Among the notable events of the recent election in England is the change of tone in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This journal has been the most intrepid supporter of the Beaconsfield Jingo policy, and it has advocated it with an ability and vigor, and with a bitterness of hostility to Mr. Gladstone, which have made it the most conspicuous of the anti-Russian papers. A change has taken place. Mr. George Smith, of the eminent publishing house of Smith & Elder, is the owner of the *Pall Mall*, and it is announced that he has "assigned it" to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, who was private secretary of the Viceroy in Ireland under the last Liberal Administration. Mr. Frederic Greenwood, the late editor, was invited to remain as editor, with the understanding that the paper would represent the views of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Greenwood, upon consultation, has declined, and gives his reasons in a published letter, as follows:

> "Mr. Thompson proposed that the paper should give general support to the new Administration. As this is a vague expression, I advanced three questions, and asked how I should be expected to deal with them: The enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer? It must be advocated, said Mr. Thompson. Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, as lately proclaimed? It must be supported, was the reply. The disestablishment of the English Church? It must be no longer opposed, was the answer. If Mr. Thompson had anything to do with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it appeared to me unnecessary to inquire further. I declined to do anything of the sort, and so it is that, by a transaction the nature of which (though I have proprietorial rights in the journal) I am not allowed to know anything at all of, I cease to be editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As to the men who did me the honor to associate themselves with me, they go with me, all being men of conviction, and angry at and ashamed of what has been done. But we do not purpose to allow our independent little paper to be extinguished. Its spirit resides in us, and it shall soon re-appear in new shape, and with all the latest improvements."

In commenting upon this letter the New York *World* remarks, very truly:

> "As the mystery which used to hedge about the editorial 'we' has gradually faded away it has become more and more an essential condition of any real success in journalism that men who assume the public responsibility of conducting a journal should conduct it by the light of their own convictions and their own judgment."

This will hardly be questioned. There is power in mere publicity, undoubtedly, but the influence of Mr. Greeley and of Mr. Bryant upon public affairs was not the editorial "we," but the personality which was visible through it. Had it been known that they were what the *World* calls "editorial attorneys," repeating opinions which were not their own convictions, neither the *Tribune* nor the *Evening Post* would ever have been the powers which they became under the editorship of the two men. There is another question involved in the change in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and suggested by Mr. Greenwood's letter—the question of disestablishment of the English Church. Mr. Thompson said to Mr. Greenwood that this must not be opposed. This remark is supposed to imply that Mr. Gladstone's government will propose disestablishment, and this notion is undoubtedly strengthened by the fact that the Dissenters who opposed Mr. Gladstone in 1874 as too indifferent to their policy have warmly supported him in the recent elections. Indeed, in the *Nineteenth Century*, a Dissenting clergyman, the Rev. I. Guinness Rogers, says of Mr. Gladstone, "The passionate enthusiasm which he has awakened among us is, I believe, absolutely without parallel, and the feeling is as deep and intelligent as it is fervid." He adds, "We expect nothing from Mr. Gladstone but that service to his country which his pure patriotism will dictate, and his distinguished ability will enable him to render." This is evidently not an expectation of a policy of disestablishment as a matter of course, or as a reason for supporting the Liberal party.

Mr. Gladstone's own remarks in a speech in Marylebone, just before the dissolution, show, however, that he did not regard the question of disestablishment, however desirable he might think it, as an "issue" in the election. Urging harmony in the party, and alluding to the Nonconformists, Mr. Gladstone said:

> "It was the largest of all the sections of the party, and its peculiar feature was disestablishment. This had been erected not only into a political idea, but into a religious conviction, but the Nonconformists pursued it with moderation. They placed their own policy and beloved conviction in the shade in order not to interfere with the success of the cause in which they believe their idea is included and absorbed."

A paper which is to support Mr. Gladstone's government is a paper of Liberal sympathies, and of course it would not oppose a policy, should it be presented by that government, which is favored by the most powerful element of the party. But we see as yet no reason to suppose that this wing of the Liberals will at once insist that the party shall instantly take up a question upon which it would be divided, and go out of power.

THE VETO.

The President has signed the Army Bill, and he has vetoed the Little Deficiency Bill. His objection is to the clause providing that in future all deputies shall be appointed, not by the Marshals, but by the United States Circuit or District Courts, and equally from both parties. This clause the President holds to be not germane to the bill, and on that ground he vetoes it, believing that the time has come to stop "riders" upon appropriation bills to change existing statutes. This is a perfectly sound position. If the Democrats wish to change the method of appointment, let them amend the existing law in a legitimate manner. The policy of changing laws by coercing the Executive with a threat of stopping the government is the policy of the extra session, upon which the country has pronounced unequivocally. There can be no greater folly than the Democratic attempt to compare the action of Congress in endeavoring by a threat to bring the government to an end to compel the President to sign a bill which he does not approve, with the conduct of Parliament in refusing aid to a hereditary and irremovable king plotting against the liberties of his subjects.

Should the method of appointment of deputies be changed in a proper bill, and presented to the President, it will be for him to decide whether the proposed change is intended to facilitate or to obstruct the operation of the law. It must be clear from the bill that such officers can be appointed without delay, and whenever necessary. Any obscurity upon this point would be undoubtedly and properly objectionable to him, and he would probably refuse his signature.

The Election Laws were not originally intended to protect the new vote in the Southern States; they were designed to restrict such frauds as Tweed practiced in New York in 1868. They authorize the appointment of a supervisor in chief, who is a United States Commissioner, selected by the Circuit Judge; two supervisors of election for each election district, appointed by the Circuit or District Judge; and the Marshal with his general and special deputies. In cities of more than 20,000 inhabitants, but not elsewhere, the supervisors may act as special deputies, and summon the *posse comitatus*. They must watch the registration and voting, and see and count every vote that is canvassed. They may satisfy themselves of the right of the voter to cast his ballot, and if any fraud is attempted, they may at once lay the evidence before the courts. These are not laws to which citizens who desire honest elections ought to object. They may be, of course, abused and perverted, like all laws, but that is not an argument against them. They must be guarded against abuse so far as practicable, and that is the object of the amendment recently adopted requiring that both political parties shall be represented. Any reasonable amendment offered in good faith is not likely to be vetoed.

RACE PREJUDICE.

A graduate of West Point who was a classmate of Mr. Flipper, and who writes from a well-known military post, wishes to say a word for the cadets. He takes us to task for censuring the conduct of boys at an academy, and omitting to comment upon the similar conduct of men which might be much more reasonably supposed to be restrained by principle or policy. The best representatives of the colored race, the most intelligent, and the least pronounced in difference from the white race, are nevertheless not treated by the latter as natural and agreeable associates. It is true, he admits, that West Point is a public school, but it is no more a public arena than Congress, and the prejudice of race is just as observable, socially, in Congress as at West Point, and ought to be quite as severely rebuked. "Official discourtesy," he asserts, has been seldom shown to the colored cadets; and although Mr. Smith, who was at the school with Flipper, "early gained for himself the sobriquet of 'Nigger Jim,' he was never so addressed."

The prejudice of race we do not deny. No regulation can make cadets at West Point or members of Congress in Washington associate socially with those who are distasteful to them. A civil rights bill can do no more than secure equal rights before the law, and the regulations at West Point can secure to the cadets only the equal privileges and equal benefits of the school. But when that is said, all is not said by any means.

The abolition of slavery and the elevation of the colored race to equal political and civil rights with the whites was a national declaration that as fast as possible all factitious differences arising from mere prejudice shall be done away. The national authority is pledged to that result, and if at any place under its control its agents tacitly connive at the indulgence of the prejudice, they betray the national purpose, and ought to be removed. If members of Congress, however, treat a colleague as an inferior because of his color, and not of his qualities or habits, it is a meanness for which there is no remedy; and if they choose to encourage the same disposition in a public school under their complete control, there is nothing to be done except to point out the baseness of such conduct and appeal to public opinion.

A MOCKERY OF JUSTICE.

The conviction and sentence of the Pennsylvania bribers, to which we referred last week, seem to have been a mere mockery of justice. There was no question of the offense, nor of the justice of the punishment, nor of the universal public approval of it. But the Board of Pardons recommended the remission of the imprisonment because incarceration in the penitentiary is "infamous," and because it is doubtful whether such convicts could be sentenced to "hard labor."

The reasons alleged for this extraordinary action are not creditable to anybody concerned. There is no crime baser or more fatal to the public welfare than that which it is not denied was committed. There were no extenuating circumstances, nor has any plea been offered than that it was a very common offense. The Judge in passing sentence spoke of the frequency of the crime as startling, and before the words had fairly been uttered the prison doors were opened, and, with a fine and disability to hold public office, the prisoners go free. The very fact that the whole penalty was not remitted shows consciousness that the prisoners were guilty.

It is impossible, however, that they should not be branded henceforth, and it is equally unquestionable that the reputation of the State will suffer greatly from their escape.

WOMEN AND THE BALLOT.

Senator Halbert has introduced an amendment to the Constitution of New York providing for the voting of women not only at school elections, but at all others, and it has been ordered to a third reading. The question does not seem to have been very generally discussed. Indeed, the argument has gained no new force from recent debates. No one seriously undertakes abstractly to justify the exclusion from the suffrage of an intelligent and public-spirited woman who is a large tax-payer, and the admission of an ignorant, drunken, irresponsible, non-tax-paying man. The only plea is that women as women can not enforce the laws, while men as men can. But that is not the ground upon which suffrage rests. The American principle is that taxation and representation must go together. Now women without their consent are no more represented by men, than the American colonies were represented by the British Parliament.

The real attitude of the public mind we take to be that of willingness to concede the suffrage when women as women show that they really desire it. The argument in its favor is complete. But politics are practical. The conclusions of the argument will be enforced when it is plain that it is necessary to enforce them. The value of Mr. Halbert's proposition is that it offers a simple and accurate test of public opinion upon the subject. If it passes two Legislatures, it will be submitted to the people, and they will decide whether the demand is strong enough to make the change desirable.

The opponents of equal suffrage say, with smiling incredulity, "Oh, wait until the women want it." Here, then, is the simplest and most certain way of ascertaining whether the women want it. Every man can readily discover the wishes of his own household, and if the only condition be the desire of women themselves, there need be no doubt or misunderstanding if Mr. Halbert's amendment be approved and submitted to the people. The Legislature would commit itself to nothing but the position that it believed the question to be a grave one, and ripe for a popular verdict.

PERSONAL.

The new president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, George B. Roberts, entered the service of the company as a rodman in the engineer corps in 1851. He has for some years been first vice-president.

—Mr. Waite, late of the Brevoort House, invested heavily in life-insurance, having $110,000 on his life, of which $50,000 was in the Equitable, which has just been paid to the heirs.

—Mr. Labouchere, in London *Truth*, says that "Lord Hartington is now one of the best public speakers in England, but, like some of the greatest orators (notably Fox), he has acquired his proficiency at the expense of his hearers. His delivery was at first halting, and it took him many years to acquire that art of 'thinking on your legs' which the late Bishop Wilberforce justly pronounced to be almost the beginning and end of oratory. Now he becomes year by year more fluent. Fortunately for his reputation he has no taste for talking in public. It is related of him that he once accepted an invitation to a Lord Mayor's dinner on the express condition that he should not be asked to propose or respond to any toast."

—The labors of Messrs. Lewis and Short in the preparation of the Latin Dictionary, published in this country by the Harpers, have received the warmest acknowledgment from classical scholars in Europe. The *Westminster Review* for April says: "What would not the scholars of the last century have given for such a Latin dictionary as that which the Clarendon Press has reprinted from the American work based on Dr. William Freund's great Latin-German Dictionary? The great advances which philological study has made of late years, and the vastly increased knowledge of ancient life and thought, have given to this dictionary a scholarly completeness which places it in the very front rank among works of reference. It will undoubtedly become a standard authority."

—The Rev. J. L. Potts, who has been writing *Letters from America*, just published in England, has this astonishing statement about Boston: "In Boston, again, there is no smoke! The air in the heart of the city is as clear as in the open country. The sun shines with undiminished brightness into the well-paved and crowded streets. Everybody is well dressed, there are a very great number of good-looking men and women, and I never saw so large a proportion of intellectual and refined faces."

—Professor Vámbéry, the distinguished traveller, whose interesting work on Central Asia has been published by Harper & Brothers, has been lecturing with great success in London. He is a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently twelve languages. For several years he spoke daily as many as eight, and wrote in six. The early age at which he first went to Turkey, and his long residence in that country, have made that variety of Tartar his favorite, and more familiar to him than his native Magyar.

—It is pleasant to note that the familiar firm name of James R. Osgood & Co. again makes its appearance in the publishing business. The firm of Houghton, Osgood, & Co. having been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Osgood has formed a partnership with Mr. John H. Ammon and Mr. Edward L. Osgood, uniting the business of publishing with that of the Heliotype Printing Company. The business of the late firm of Houghton, Osgood, & Co. will be continued by Messrs. Henry O. Houghton, George H. Mifflin, and Lawson Valentine, under the name of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

—The London *World*, in an article on Prince Frederick William, the heir-apparent to the crown of Germany, describes him as a well-proportioned man of five feet ten, his most striking feature being his thick whiskers, beard, and hair. His eldest son, a very amiable-looking young man, in appearance takes after his mother's family, while the next brother, Prince Henry, resembles their father, and is reputed to be of a more volatile, wayward disposition than his elder, who was a diligent student at college, and is now an excellent officer. Besides the young Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Prince has three daughters—Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret.

—Mr. Matsudari, formerly a Japanese student at Hartford, Connecticut, has been appointed by his government secretary of legation at Rome.

—Colonel Thomas A. Scott has finally yielded to the peremptory decision of his physician, and resigned the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For two years past his health has been a subject of solicitude, and it is now in that condition which, while not indicating any immediate danger, is nevertheless such as to render advisable absolute freedom from all business cares and responsibilities. For thirty years Colonel Scott has been one of the most conspicuous personages in the railroad affairs of this country, and it is chiefly to his remarkable power of organization and minute knowledge of detail that the Pennsylvania Railroad has become one of the most important and controlling corporations in the United States, or in the world.

—General Garibaldi is to have a neat gift from the Italian colony at Montevideo, in the shape of a miniature steamer of ten tons burden, fitted up elegantly, and called *The Lion of Caprera*.

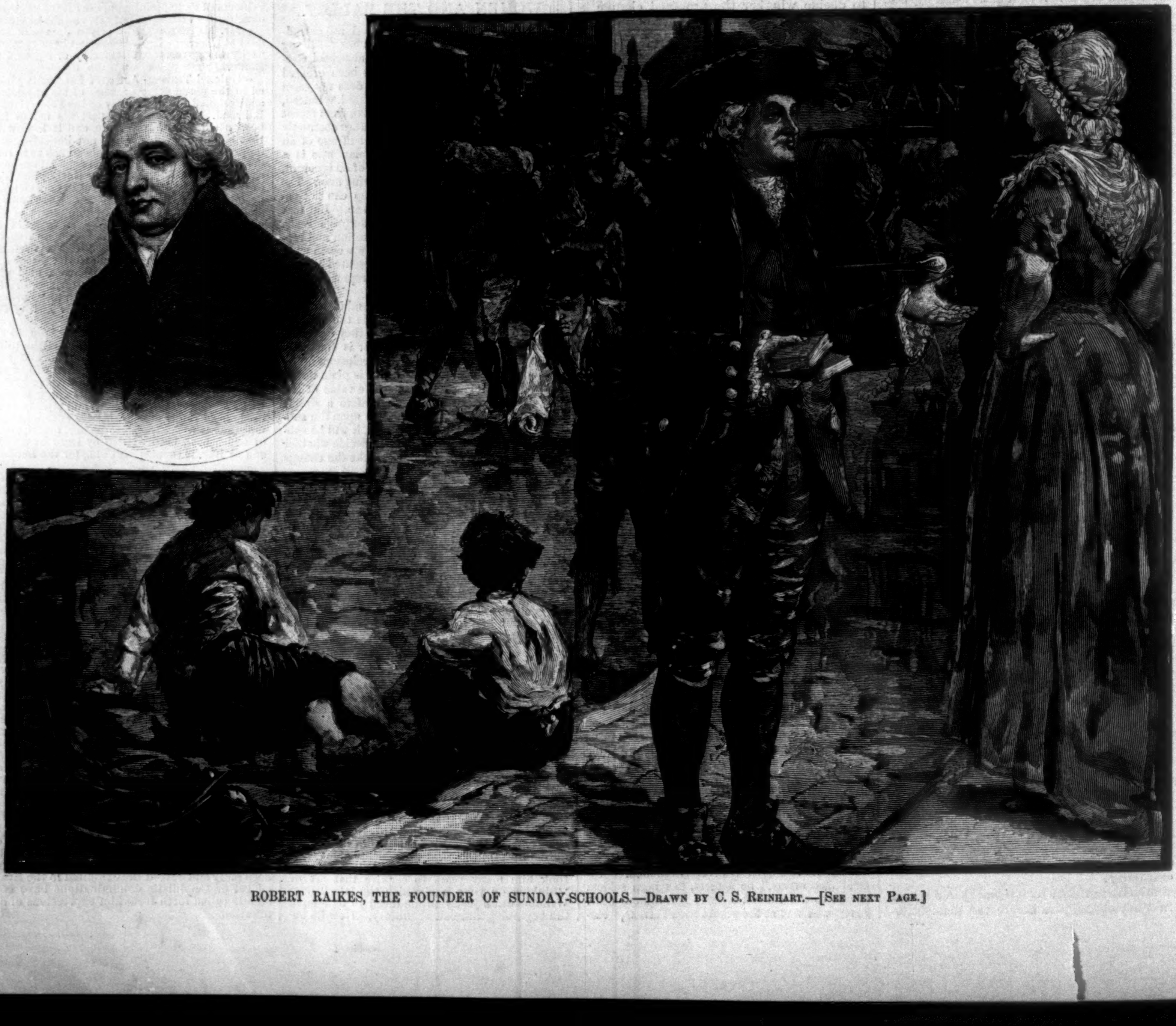
—At the Oberammergau *Passion Play*, to be performed this year, the part of Christ is to be personated by Joseph Maier. The first performance will be on May 17. There will be six performances in June, four in July, five in August, and five in September. The new theatre will accommodate thousands, and already hundreds from England and America have made arrangements to see the performance, descriptions of which have been written by Dean Stanley, and by Rev. Malcolm McColl, for the London *Times*.

—General S. P. Heintzelman, one of the oldest and most distinguished officers of the United States Army, died in Washington on the 1st inst., in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was a thorough soldier, and in most of the great battles of the rebellion occupied positions of the first importance. He was universally esteemed for his military talents, and for the simplicity and purity of his personal character.

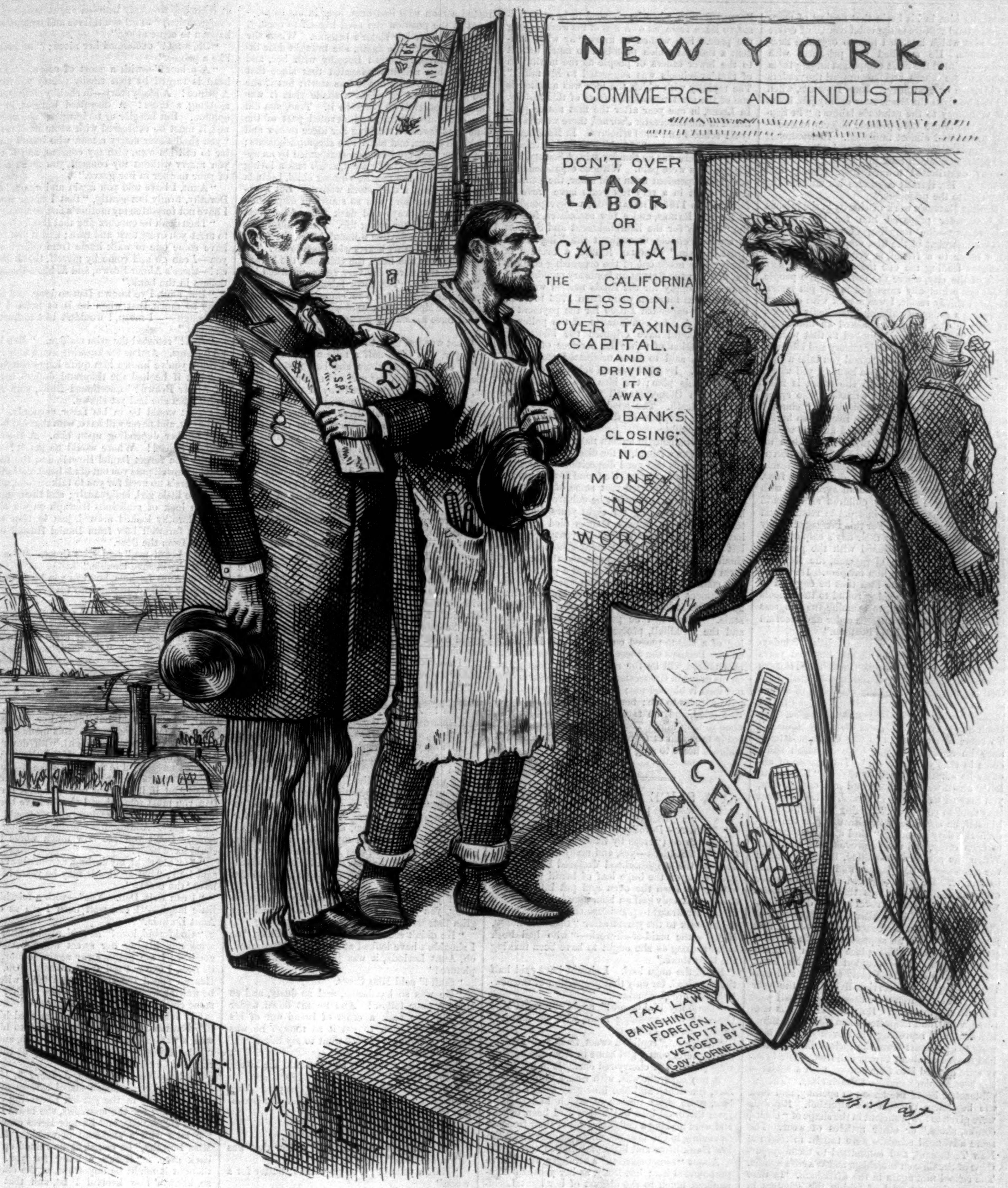
—The oldest lawyer in the United States in active practice is Azgill Gibbs, of Rochester, who in a few weeks will be ninety-three years of age. He is hale and hearty. He has had six sons, all of whom have been admitted to the bar, and three of whom are now in practice. One of these resides in Watkins, one in Buffalo, and the other at Los Angeles, California.

—Mr. Gladstone's religious opinions are those of the High-Church party, of which he is the most distinguished lay champion. He belongs to what, in his remarkable paper on the "Courses of Religious Thought," he calls the Historical School—believing in a divinely established visible church, with a ministry descended in perpetual succession from the apostles, not infallible, but teaching *ex cathedra*, and the repository of the faith, of which the essential articles are contained in the ancient creeds, and shown by the consensus of Christendom. He feels a warm sympathy for the oppressed Churches of the East, as well as for the Old Catholics of the Continent. He has always had a sympathy for free thought and free investigation, and the deep piety and devout life exhibited in the Evangelical or Calvinistic denominations have constantly called forth from him expressions of admiration.

"SUNDAY MORNING IN VIRGINIA."—From the Painting by Winslow Homer, in the National Academy of Design.



ROBERT RAIKES, THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See next Page.]


NEW YORK.
COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.
DON'T OVER TAX LABOR OR CAPITAL.
THE CALIFORNIA LESSON.
OVER TAXING CAPITAL. AND DRIVING IT AWAY.
BANKS CLOSING;
NO MONEY.
NO WORK.
EXCELSIOR
TAX LAW BANISHING FOREIGN CAPITAL. VETOED BY GOV. CORNELL.
WELCOME ALL.
Th. Nast.

DON'T—BE PENNY (LABOR) WISE AND POUND (CAPITAL) FOOLISH.

ROBERT RAIKES, THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Gloucester is an old city of England, on the river Severn, a little more than one hundred miles from London. It was once the site of a Roman camp, and is famous for its cathedral, whose foundations were laid as far back as the eleventh century. During the civil wars it was besieged by Charles the First, and had then, as now, some foreign trade and flourishing factories. It is noted in more recent times as the birth-place of George Whitefield, the great preacher, as the scene of one of the early experiments of John Howard in prison reform, and still more as the birth-place and home of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools.

The story of the origin of Sunday-schools can hardly be told without an account of the founding and growth of the Gloucester *Journal*, a weekly paper established by the father of the philanthropist. Robert Raikes was known among his neighbors as "Raikes the printer," and the general adoption of the Sunday-school idea was as much due to his persistent use of "printer's ink" as to his Christian sympathy for neglected children. The *Journal* was founded in 1722. Raikes the elder was a successful gatherer of news, a prosperous man of business, and a stanch advocate of all good causes. His son and namesake, who was born under the shadow of the cathedral in 1735, succeeded to the proprietorship in 1757. Though but twenty-two years of age, he was fully equal to the demands of the position. Connected with the management of the paper was a general printing business, which grew under the hands of the young master, so that through the force of his character and his prosperity he became one of the most influential citizens of Gloucester. He continued in business for forty-five years, retiring in 1802, with a graceful address to his readers, in which he says: "To preserve the respectability and favorable acceptance of the Gloucester *Journal* has so long been the earnest desire of the printer, that he can not suppress a spontaneous desire for its future prosperity when for the last time he is about to subscribe himself as the proprietor, with every sentiment of deference and regard to the public." Raikes was not one of the angular men whose edges cut whomsoever they touch. He was gentle, courtly, studious of pleasing, and continually on the alert to promote good-will among his neighbors. His vocation as printer and editor brought him into contact with all classes of society; shrewdness of observation was as decided a trait of his character as business tact. Withal, he was a devout member of the Church of England, and a regular attendant upon its services.

The house in which Raikes did his printing is still to be seen in Gloucester. It is on one of the principal thoroughfares, and is described as quaint, roomy, with gable ends facing the street, and upper stories projecting over the lower. It is sound and in good condition, and is now occupied by a firm of wine-merchants. The files of the *Journal* show many specimens of old-fashioned editing, such as compliments to newly married couples, advice to correspondents, and other details which carry one back to the olden time. Advertisements had to be paid for in ready money, and when there was a press of news were postponed or excluded. The good man stood by his readers, even though the advertisers crowded upon him cash in hand. He was not an editor of the modern type by any manner of means.

These slight touches of outline will help us to see Robert Raikes in his busy daily life. If we add that his form was portly, we may picture him fairly well to the mind's eye. The England of that age was unlike the England of to-day. Public education for the lower classes scarcely existed. Manufactures were growing, and producing, as they always do, a distinct class of population, as yet wholly neglected. The prisons were filthy and crowded; the debtors confined in them had no public provision for their maintenance, and often died of neglect and starvation. The first philanthropic labors of Robert Raikes were directed to the relief of the prisoners in the Gloucester jails. He was before Howard in this field, and used his paper effectively in appealing for food and clothing to be given to the "poor wretches," as he calls them. Raikes distributed the gifts of the charitable intrusted to him with his own hands. But he did not stop at this point; he had the master idea in his brain that neglect of mental and moral culture is the chief source of crime—the idea which later led him to organize Sunday-schools. He supplied the prisoners with books, appointed the most competent among them readers to the others, and encouraged the readers to diligence by gratuities. John Howard, when in 1773 he visits the Gloucester county jail, bears this testimony to the printer's labors: "In September the felons were pitiable objects indeed—half naked and almost famished. In December their appearance was much altered; Mr. Raikes and other gentlemen took pity on them, and generously contributed toward their feeding and clothing. Mr. Raikes continues his unremitting attention to the prisoners."

Robert Raikes's work of charity in the prisons of Gloucester prepared him for his greatest achievement—the founding of Sunday-schools. His own account of the first step taken, as given in a letter to a friend, is very simple: "Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether these children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah, sir,' said the woman, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with a multitude of these wretches, who spend their time in noise and riot, playing at "chuck," and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than of any other place.'....I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send, whom they were to instruct in reading and the Church catechism. For this I engaged to pay them a shilling each for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Stock, and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon, to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathen."

This was the germ of the Christian Sunday-school system, which has in one hundred years spread over the whole world. In all he did Raikes showed the good sense of the hard-headed, practical Englishman. The only condition of admission to the schools was cleanliness. "All that I require," said the philanthropist to parents, "are clean hands, clean faces, and their hair combed." To some one who tried to beg off from attendance he replied, "If you have no clean shirt, come in that you have on." The excuse of another he adroitly parried by saying, "If you can loiter about without shoes, and in a ragged coat, you may as well come to school, and learn what may tend to your good." Being full of kindness himself, he continually inculcated upon the children the duty of being "kind and good-natured to each other, and not to provoke one another." When the scholars quarrelled, Raikes required the aggressor to beg pardon, and the injured one to forgive. He soon acquired such an influence over the little ragamuffins that his displeasure was feared, and his approval greatly desired.

It is not easy, in the altered circumstances of the times, to draw an exact picture of the first Sunday-school, but an approach to distinctness is perhaps possible. The place was an ordinary private house. The occupant was a Mr. King, who was also one of the early teachers, and continued long in the service, living till the year 1832. The children were assembled by half past eight in the morning. Robert Raikes was usually present, and inspected them all, commending the neat, and reproving the slovenly. The boys were taught apart from the girls. Each teacher had charge of about twenty children. The twenty were divided into four classes, with a leader—the best scholar usually—to each class. The pupil-teacher heard the lesson in spelling, and took the beginners through the alphabet. Rewards were given to the proficient in the shape of "books, combs, shoes," or other articles of wear. The more advanced scholars were taught to read the New Testament, and committed to memory portions of the Church catechism and Watts's hymns. The school met again in the afternoon. In time the practice obtained of taking the scholars in procession to the church service.

The effect of Raikes's well-directed energy was prodigious. The streets of Gloucester became quiet and peaceable on Sundays, and the same change for the better was effected throughout the county. In 1786 the Gloucestershire magistrates passed a resolution declaring that "the benefit of Sunday-schools to the morals of the rising generation is too evident not to merit the recognition of the bench and the thanks of the community to the gentlemen instrumental in promoting them." In 1783, after three years' experience, Raikes ventured to speak of the schools in his paper. Inquiries for information began to pour in upon him. His letters in reply found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *European Magazine*, and Wesley's *Arminian Magazine*. Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was so much impressed with the utility of the schools as to say, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." John Wesley thought there was more in Sunday-schools than appeared on the surface, and wrote in his journal, "Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of." Bishops noticed them in their charges to the clergy. Teaching poor children for a time became the fashion. Even the Queen, wife of George III., sent for Robert Raikes, when he chanced to be at Windsor, to learn from his own lips of his work among the poor. She wished to know "by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower orders of people as the institution of Sunday-schools was suggested to his mind." The rapidity with which the idea was adopted is one of the most remarkable facts of this history. In Leeds, in one year after the first notice published in the Gloucester *Journal*, there were twenty-six schools and 2000 scholars. In Manchester there were very soon 2856 children in the schools.

As yet there was no Sunday-school Society, and the teachers were paid. Without organized support, and dependent upon paid labor, the Sunday-school must in a very few years have proved a failure. In 1785 William Fox, a correspondent of Robert Raikes, and a few associates, formed the "Society for the Establishment and Support of Sunday-Schools throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain." Thomas Raikes, a brother of Robert, was made one of the organizing committee, and Robert Raikes an honorary member. A source of supply for the funds needed was now provided; in fourteen years, from 1786 to 1800, the society expended £4000 for the payment of teachers. A long continuance of the policy of payment would have crippled the institution. The suggestion of using the services of unpaid teachers is said to have originated among the Wesleyans. By 1785 several schools were managed on this plan; the idea was not adopted, however, in Gloucester, till 1810, a year before Raikes's death. The good philanthropist lived to see the adoption of this modification of his original thought.

"It is botanizing in human nature," wrote Robert Raikes, to a friend, of the discoveries he often made of genius and good dispositions among the little offcasts of society. He found flowers among the weeds—nay, proved that some of the weeds were flowers, could they but be cultured. Full of honors, after reposing for eight years from the toils of business, Robert Raikes died in 1811, having reached the ripe age of seventy-five. He left directions that "his Sunday-school children should follow him to the grave, and that each of them should receive a shilling and a plum-cake." The commemoration of the centenary of the establishment of Sunday-schools in London, June 26 and the following days, is planned on a large scale. There will be gatherings in St. Paul's and the Guildhall, processions, and the unveiling of a statue placed on the Thames Embankment. Perhaps the finest eulogy that can be then pronounced will be the recital of the inscription on his grave in Gloucester: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

George R. Crooks.

A SLICE OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

"Dorothy—Dorothy Waldo!" screamed Miss Lorinda Cross ("cross by name and cross by nature," the children—yes, and many of the grown-ups—of the neighborhood declared her), as she pounced upon the huge loaf of bread which she had taken from the oven and put into the big stone crock only half an hour ago, just before she turned her straight-up-and-down back on the kitchen, to stalk to the garret after "that idle hussy, Molly"—the maid-of-all-work—"who had been twice as long as she ought to have been making the beds there."

I said the huge loaf. I should have said half the huge loaf, for only that proportion of the newly baked bread remained.

"Dor-o-thy Wal-do-o-o!" again screamed Miss Cross, in an ascending scale, with an ominous tremolo on the last note.

"Yes, aunt," replied a sweet, fresh young voice; and a pretty young girl came in from the garden, with a basket of cherry-red currants in her hand.

A tiny thing she was, with round, dimpled, rosy face, innocent child-like blue-gray eyes, and fair hair, some short tresses of which had escaped from the braid into which they had been bound, and were making a delightful use of their freedom by curling in the most charming manner about the low frank brow and little pink-tipped ears.

About "sweet sixteen," a stranger would have pronounced her; but Dolly, as her youthful companions, much to the disgust of her aunt Lorinda, called her, was older than that by a year and a half.

An orphan at the age of twelve, she had been left to the care of the only relative she knew, her mother's elder sister—a woman hard in speech and manners, and anything but soft in heart. This maiden lady soured irrevocably on her twenty-fourth birthday, which should have also been her wedding day; but at the very moment she was fastening the orange blossoms in her hair, had come the news that her betrothed had eloped with the girl-friend she had chosen for her bridemaid. Lorinda tore the bridal wreath into fragments, and scattered it to the winds; never mentioned the false pair from that hour, banished forever all the womanly grace and tenderness she had ever possessed (truth to tell, she had never possessed much), and became the hardest worker of her sex that ever worked upon a farm. In a man's boots, coat, and hat, early and late, hot or cold, wet or dry, with set mouth, lowering brow, and silent lips, she toiled side by side with her sturdy old father, until the day he was struck down by the pitiless sun, and died a few hours after—died just in time to be saved the pang of hearing that his youngest and favorite daughter was lying at the point of death, widowed and friendless, in a far-away city. Lorinda buried her father—if she wept for him, none saw her—promoted a man who had been long in his employment to the position she used herself to occupy, and started for her sister's bedside. When she returned to Fernville again, she brought dear little fair-haired, soft-eyed Dorothy with her, and some of her neighbors fancied that since that time she had been a shade less stern; but if she had been, it was so slight a shade that it was almost impossible to perceive it. True, she did less out-of-door work, and devoted part of the time thus saved to teaching her niece to sew and cook and churn, and other like accomplishments; but never were the lessons accompanied by an approving smile or kindly word, much less a loving kiss. Even to the gentle, winning child, Lorinda Cross remained a cold, stern woman. But Dorothy, God bless her! was so sunny in disposition that the stern ways and dark face of her aunt could not cloud her young life. And though shut out from that inflexible woman's heart, she found the doors of all other hearts wide open to her. The dogs, the cats, the hens, the chickens, the horses, the cows, the calves, the very geese, regarded her with adoration. The farm laborers blessed her pretty face whenever she came among them; and as for Molly—poor hard-worked Molly!—she would have kissed the ground the little feet trod upon.

What wonder, then, that Dan Howell, the young surveyor, who lived half a mile away, in the old stone cottage, and whom she had known from the very first day of her arrival in Fernville (when he, then a tall, bright-faced boy of fifteen, passing her aunt's gate, and seeing the sad-looking little girl, in her black dress, standing by it, silently offered her the prettiest white rabbit she had ever seen—a rabbit he had been coaxing Abner Brown for a month past to sell him, and which now he parted with, without another thought, at sight of those lovely tearful eyes and that sweet wistful face)—what wonder, I say, that he "thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night?"

But to go back. Dorothy came smiling into the kitchen, her lips and cheeks as red as the currants she carried; but the smile faded away when she met her aunt's irate gaze.

"Did you cut this loaf, and then leave it here in this hot room to dry to a chip?" demanded Miss Cross; and then she added, emphatically, without waiting for an answer: "But of course you did. No one else would have dared to do it. And how dared *you*, knowing that I never allow bread to be cut in my house until it is at least a day old?"

"I am very sorry, aunt," began Dolly; "but he looked so hungry!"

"'He!'" screamed her aunt, regarding her with a look of horror. "You gave it away, then! And to a 'he'! A tramp, I've no doubt, who will come back some night, rob the house, and murder us all."

"Please, aunt," entreated the young girl, "don't be so angry. He wasn't a tramp; indeed he wasn't; but a handsome young fellow with long golden hair—"

"A wig," snarled Miss Cross.

"—and the most beautiful blue eyes," Dolly went on, "I ever saw in all my life. And he wasn't near the house. And he didn't ask for anything. Oh, do listen, aunt, while I tell you all about it. I was on my knees in the path, picking up some currants I had let fall, when I saw him, through the hole in the hedge Brownie's calf made the other day, coming slowly up the lane—"

"If you had been looking at what you were doing, you wouldn't have seen him," said her grim listener.

"He didn't see me, of course," said Dolly, "or I shouldn't have looked at him so intently. And, oh, Aunt Lorinda, it was just like looking at a picture!"

"Stuff!" said Miss Cross.

"He was so handsome, and so dusty, and so shabby, poor fellow! And he sat down under the old tree, took a crust of bread out of his pocket, and began to eat it as though he was very, very hungry. *That* went to my heart."

"Rubbish!" said her aunt.

"And I got up softly, and ran into the house, and cut a slice—"

"A slice! Great grief!" interrupted Aunt Lorinda. "A piece big enough for the breakfast of a whole family."

"And I buttered it."

"You buttered it?"

"Yes, aunt; I only took the butter that was left in the dish."

"Half a pound! *You* go without butter for a week."

"And I ran out again, and into the lane, as fast as I could," continued Dorothy, apparently undismayed by this threat, "for fear I might lose courage; and stopping suddenly before him, I put the bread in his hand, and said, 'I am so sorry for you!' and turned to run away, when he seized my hand, and kissed it" (Miss Lorinda Cross became rigid as marble), "and said, 'These are the first kind words I've heard since I came to this beastly country. Tell me your name, little one.' 'Dorothy Waldo,' said I. 'Dorothy Waldo,' he repeated; 'I shall never forget it;' and he raised his hat and went away. Dear aunt, had you been in my place, would you not have done as I did?"

"I?" cried Aunt Lorinda—"I carry meals to strange men on the public highway? I let a foreigner who called my country 'a beastly country' kiss my hand? No, indeed; he never would have kissed *my* hand."

"Perhaps not," said Dolly, with a momentary twinkle in her eyes; and then she added, pleadingly, "But don't be angry any longer, aunt. I'll make another loaf of bread right away."

"But that won't bring back what you've wasted," said her inflexible relative. "A pretty wife you'd be for a man who hasn't a dollar to call his own, giving away bread by the loaf and butter by the pound" (Miss Cross had retained at least one womanly trait—a slight tendency to exaggeration) "to all the thieves and tramps who happen to come along."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed her niece; "he looked like a prince."

"A prince!"—with a snort of scorn. "Your head is turned by that trashy poetry you read. A prince! A likely story—in shabby clothes, and nibbling a crust! A disguised burglar, in my opinion. But burglar or no burglar," she continued, it must be confessed with some irrelevancy, "you shall never marry a man who hasn't a dollar to call his own, with my consent, and if ever you marry without my consent, you make a liar of your mother in her grave."

"Aunt, I have told you again and again," said Dorothy, firmly but gently, "that I never would. I have not forgotten my mother's last commands."

"Then don't be encouraging that Daniel Howell to meet you every tack and turn; and if you must have some one to walk home from church with you—*I* can go and come by myself, thank Heaven!—there's Abner Brown, and *he* has a thousand dollars in the bank."

"But, aunt, I've known Dan so long, and he is away so much, that when he is at home I feel as though— I mean, I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings."

"Bah!" retorted the grim maiden. "Men have no feelings. And as for knowing him a long time, I think you've known him quite long enough."

"But if he had the thousand dollars, instead of Abner Brown?" questioned Dolly, with more spirit than she had yet shown.

"That would be in his favor, certainly. But he hasn't, and never will have, with that old father and mother depending upon him. A thousand dollars, indeed! Where would he get it? The sooner you forget Daniel Howell, and the sooner Daniel Howell puts you out of his head, the better."

"There's no need for you to talk so loud, aunt," said the little girl, indignantly; and then, startled by the look of malicious triumph on her aunt's face, Dorothy looked around, just in time to receive a farewell bow from Daniel Howell as he turned from the door.

"He heard me," said Miss Cross. "I'm glad he did; 'twill save trouble."

"Oh, Aunt Lorinda, how *can* you be so cruel?" said poor Dolly, bursting into tears.

A year and a half passed away, during which, owing to his frequent absences and Miss Lorinda's watchful care, Dolly and her lover had met but three or four times. "It's hard," said the young man, on the last of these occasions, "to know that I can not ask your aunt for your hand because I have not a thousand dollars of my own, when I know that there is plenty of room and love and everything for you at the old stone cottage. Oh, Dolly, if you would but brave her anger, how gladly I'd make you my wife this moment!"

"Dan," interrupted the girl, with dewy eyes, "it isn't her anger—though I feel that it would be most ungrateful in me to provoke it—but the promise my mother made for me on her death-bed. And if it had not been for that promise, Dan, you must remember, I should have been the inmate of an orphan asylum, and we would never have met." Adding, the sunshine coming back again, "Don't you see how much worse things could have been?"

"You are right, my darling, as you always are," said Dan; "but think—it may be years before I have 'the bond.'"

"I can wait, Dan. Yes"—with a mischievous little laugh—"I can wait until I am as old as Aunt Lorinda."

"God forbid, love!" he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips. "And now good-by; I am going away again to-morrow, to be gone I can not tell you how long. Oh, Dolly, Heaven speed the time when a little wife shall be waiting with the old father and mother at the stone cottage to welcome me home!"

She raised herself on tiptoe, clasped his face between her two tiny hands, gazed into his eyes with a wealth of tenderness in her own, and said, "Who knows? Good fortune may at this very moment be on its way to us."

And the very next day, January 3, 1880, as Dorothy, with a crimson shawl thrown over her head, was out in the garden scattering crumbs on the snow for the sparrows, she heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and Farmer Beers came down the lane with a sled-load of wood. "Mornin', Miss Dorothy," he called, as he reined up at the back gate. "Here's a letter for you. They thought it might be important, at the office, and so, knowin' how keerful I be, and that I was comin' this way, they asked me to fetch it to you." And the old man tossed the letter over the hedge, into the girl's outstretched hands, and drove off.

"A letter for me!" said Dolly, in tones of the greatest amazement. "Why, I never received a letter before in all my life!" Then she turned it about, and inspected it curiously. The envelope was a common large yellow one, and bore the printed address of a law firm in an adjoining city, as well as her own address, written in a plain legal hand. "Who *can* it be from?" wondered Dolly; and then opened it, to find her question but partly answered. A sheet of blue paper and a smaller envelope were inclosed. The paper contained, in the same hand which had addressed the letter, these lines:

"*Miss Dorothy Waldo:*

"Dear Madam,—We send you the accompanying check in compliance with orders received to that effect from a client in Europe whose interests in this country we represent. Please acknowledge receipt.

"Your obedient servants,
"Find & Prove.

"*January* 1, 1880."

Dolly's lovely eyes opened to their widest extent. "A check!" she exclaimed, and with trembling fingers tore open the second envelope, which was also addressed to her, but in a different, more elegant hand; and sure enough there was a check —*a check for a thousand dollars*, payable to the order of Miss Dorothy Waldo. And on a slip of paper which had kept it company were these words: "In payment for a slice—a very large slice—of bread and butter." And that's all the young girl ever knew about it.

For one moment she stood dazed with joy and astonishment. The next she thought of Dan. Perhaps he had not started yet. How could she get to him through the deep snow? Sleigh-bells again. Farmer Beers coming back without the wood. She ran out into the lane. "Oh, do take me with you!" she cried, to the great surprise of the honest old fellow. "I must see Dan—Mr. Howell, I mean. I *must* see him as soon as possible."

"Jump right in, my dear," said the old man, "and I'll have you at the stone cottage in a jiffy."

Away they went, the gray mare making excellent time—for her; and as they neared the house, Dolly caught sight of Dan just leaving it.

"Dan! Dan!" she called, her clear young voice ringing on the cold air, and madly waved her crimson shawl.

Dan turned, saw the bright flag and her sweet face below it, and came bounding over the snow in time to receive her in his arms as she jumped from the sled.

"You couldn't—no, not if you guessed forever," she said, half crying and half laughing—"you couldn't guess what brought me here this morning."

"Whatever it was, Heaven bless it a thousand times!" said her lover.

"It is—leap-year, you know, Dan."

"Yes, now I think of it, it is. But it can't be possible you have come here to propose to me?"

"Very possible indeed," answered Dolly, slowly and deliberately. "Mr. Daniel Howell, will you marry me?"

"Mr. Daniel Howell's" only reply was to fold her in so close an embrace that, being the tiniest of maidens, she almost disappeared from view.

"And has Miss Cross—" he began, when the pretty blushing face, all dimpled with smiles, was again raised to his own.

"No, she has not," interrupted Dolly. "She knows nothing about it. But it's all right, Dan," carefully tucking something with her dainty left hand—Dan held the right—into the breast pocket of his overcoat. "You may come and see Aunt Lorinda as soon as you choose. You didn't know it, Dan dear, but you've got a thousand dollars."

THE FOREMOST ENGLISH STATESMAN.

THE Right Hon. **WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE**, under whose splendid leadership the revolt against Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy has achieved an overwhelming victory, was born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809. His father, Sir JOHN GLADSTONE, was a prominent and influential merchant of that city, who in the latter part of his life became a member of Parliament, and sat in the same House with his son. The chief stock of the GLEDSTANES, GLADSTANES, or GLADSTONES—for the latter orthography is of recent adoption—were originally settled in the parish of Liberton, in the upper ward of Clydesdale; but many generations subsequently a branch of the stock effected a settlement in the town of Biggar, in Lanarkshire. Through the name of GLEDSTANES, or GLADSTANES, has been traced a custom in connection with the tenure of land prevalent centuries ago in certain Scotch counties. It may be noted also that *gled* is Lowland Scottish for hawk, and that *stanes* signifies rocks.

Mr. GLADSTONE's father was born at Leith, in 1763. He entered his father's business—that of a grain merchant—but on attaining his majority became assistant in the great Liverpool house of CORRIE & Co. Through his sagacity and attention to business he soon became a member of the firm. The partnership lasted sixteen years, and during that time the name of JOHN GLADSTONE was a synonym for push and integrity. He amassed a large fortune, was prominent in political movements, a stanch Whig in principle, and died in 1851, at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight.

His fourth son, who was destined to become the foremost statesman of England, was educated at Eton, and Christ-church, Oxford, of which he was nominated a student in 1829, and graduated, with double-first honors, in 1831. Having spent some time in a Continental tour, he was returned at the general election in December, 1832, in the Conservative interest, for Newark, and entered Parliament just as the struggle of parties was at its height. His mercantile origin, the success of his university career, his habits of business, and his high character recommended him to the notice of Sir ROBERT PEEL, who, in December, 1834, appointed him to a junior Lordship of the Treasury, and in February, 1835, Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Mr. GLADSTONE retired from office, with his ministerial leader, in April, and remained in opposition until Sir ROBERT PEEL's return to power in September, 1841. On accepting office under Sir ROBERT PEEL in 1841, as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, Mr. GLADSTONE was sworn a member of the Privy Council. In his new position he had to explain and defend in the Lower House of Parliament the commercial policy of the government, and in the discharge of this duty he had whatever advantage his mercantile origin and connection could give him. The revision of the tariff in 1842 was almost entirely the result of his energy and industry. When this laborious work was brought before the House of Commons, it was found to be as admirably executed in its details as it was complete in its mastery of general principles, and it received the sanction of both Houses with scarcely an alteration.

In 1843 Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded the Earl of Ripon as President of the Board of Trade, but resigned that office early in 1845. In 1846 he resigned his seat, on personal grounds, and remained out of Parliament until the following year, when he was elected for the University of Oxford. In the Parliament of 1847–52, the questions of university reform and the removal of Jewish disabilities were frequently and earnestly agitated in the Lower House. Though Mr. GLADSTONE's early sympathies no doubt bound him strongly to the High-Church and Tory party, yet he felt that on both these points the exigencies of the times required that some concessions should be made. He consequently found himself frequently opposed to his former friends, and eventually separated himself from the great body of the Conservative party—February, 1851.

At the general election in July following, Mr. GLADSTONE was re-elected for the University of Oxford, but not without a severe contest. On the formation of what is generally known as the "Coalition" Ministry, under the Earl of Aberdeen, in December, 1852, Mr. GLADSTONE was appointed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in which office the thorough knowledge of finance which he had acquired in former life, and had tested by practical experience at the Board of Trade, proved of the greatest assistance to the Ministry. After the breaking up of the ABERDEEN administration, or rather on its reconstruction under Lord PALMERSTON at the commencement of 1855, Mr. GLADSTONE at first continued to occupy the same post, which he resigned in the course of a few weeks, on finding that it was not the intention of the Ministry collectively to oppose the vote of censure implied in Mr. ROEBUCK's resolution in favor of the appointment of a committee of inquiry into the state of the British army before Sevastopol, and the causes of its sufferings. For some time Mr. GLADSTONE, who held no public office, gave Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry an independent support.

In the winter of 1858–59 he accepted, under Lord DERBY's second cabinet, a special mission to the Ionian Islands, to arrange certain difficulties which had arisen in that dependency of the British crown; and in June, 1859, resumed office under Lord PALMERSTON as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In this position he was mainly instrumental in repealing the paper duty, and in promoting the negotiations which resulted in the commercial treaty between England and France.

In 1861 Mr. GLADSTONE was solicited to become a candidate, in the Liberal interest, for South Lancashire, but refused to forsake his former constituents. But having been rejected by the University of Oxford at the general election in July, 1865, he was sent to Parliament from the former place. After the death of Lord PALMERSTON he became leader of the House of Commons, retaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Lord RUSSELL's second administration. Early in the session of 1866 he brought in a reform bill, and a motion in committee having been carried against the government by eleven votes, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues resigned.

Early in the session of 1868, Mr. GLADSTONE brought forward and passed through the House of Commons a series of resolutions, having for their object the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. These resolutions were the basis of the Irish Church Suspensory Bill, which, on May 22, was read a second time in the Lower House, by 312 votes to 258, but was soon afterward rejected in the House of Peers, by a majority of 95. At the general election of 1868, Mr. GLADSTONE stood as one of the candidates for Southwest Lancashire. After a fierce contest, the result of which excited the most intense interest throughout the country, he was defeated; but this defeat did not exclude him from the House of Commons, as, in anticipation of such an event, the electors of Greenwich had, a few days previously, returned him, by a large majority, as one of the members for that borough, which he represented until the close of the late Parliament. On the resignation of Mr. DISRAELI's Ministry in December, 1868, Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded that statesman as First Lord of the Treasury.

The principal events of his administration were the passing of the Irish Church Disestablishment Act (1869), of the Irish Land Act (1870), and of the Elementary Education Act (1870); the abolition of purchase in the army by the exercise of the royal prerogative, in consequence of an adverse vote by the House of Lords on the Army Regulation Bill (1871); the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington respecting the *Alabama* claims (1871); the passing of the Ballot Act (1872); and the Judicature Act (1873). The principal measure proposed by the government in the session of 1873 was the University Education (Ireland) Bill, which was opposed by the Roman Catholic members, who, voting on this occasion with the Conservatives, caused the rejection of the bill by 287 votes against 284 (March 11). Upon this Mr. GLADSTONE tendered his resignation to her Majesty, and Mr. DISRAELI was sent for; but as he declined to take office, Mr. GLADSTONE, though with reluctance, undertook (March 16) to reconstruct the cabinet. In August, 1873, immediately after the close of the session, the cabinet was considerably remodelled, Mr. GLADSTONE assuming the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in addition to his office of First Lord of the Treasury.

On the 24th of January, 1874, a fortnight before Parliament was to meet for the dispatch of public business, Mr. GLADSTONE surprised the country by announcing the immediate dissolution of Parliament, and issuing his address to his constituents at Greenwich, in which he promised to abolish the income tax. At the general election which ensued the votes were, for the first time, taken by secret ballot. The result proved most disastrous to the Liberal party. The returns, completed on February 27, showed that 351 Conservatives had been elected, and 302 Liberals, inclusive of the Home Rulers, who, in point of fact, declined to identify themselves with either of the old political parties. Mr. GLADSTONE at once resigned, and Mr. DISRAELI became Prime Minister.

Our readers are already familiar with the stirring events of the late election, which resulted in a victory for the Liberals of entirely unexpected magnitude. Mr. GLADSTONE again assumes office, with his course approved by a vast majority of his countrymen, who have most signally condemned the home and foreign policy of his rival, Lord BEACONSFIELD.

COURAGE IN SICKNESS.

THE London *Lancet*, in a few words of good advice to sick people, says: "With the aid or under the influence of 'pluck,' using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path, and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained?

"This power of 'good spirits' is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is therefore of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of 'good spirits.' They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage.

"The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhaustive journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly short-sighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of 'good spirits.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LAWYER was compelled to apologize to the Court. With stately dignity he rose in his place, and said, "Your honor is right, and I am wrong, as your honor generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

That was a thoroughly characteristic and sincere reply which a surprised saloon-keeper is reported as making the other day to a religious worker, who visited him in his place of business, and asked him whether he expected to go to heaven. "To pe sure," he replied; "zum time; bime-by. Vy vudn't I?"

The plump, nice-looking spring chickens that are allowed to roam about the lawns in the vicinity of sea-side hotels are merely walking advertisements. They are not intended for table use.

"Don't waste your time clipping off the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then went a-fishing. Truly there is nothing like filial obedience.

"My friends," said the political speaker, with a burst of ingenuous eloquence, "I will be honest—" There were a large number of his neighbors present, and the terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.

ENTIRELY SEASONABLE.

I'll winter night fair Isabel;
I'll spring upon my knees and tell
No girl is hand summer than she,
And that she autumn marry me.

American tradesmen who claim genius for advertising should listen to a Berlin grocer, who thus informs the public through the Borsen *Zeitung*: "Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and girl. I entreat my friends and patrons to support me stoutly. Excellent butter, well worth its price; similarly, sausage and cheese."

TUTOR. "Come, now, Mr. B——, give me a familiar example of Hogarth's line of grace. Can't you think of it? It's a curved article that you see every day."

MR. B—— (*desperately*). "A—a—pretzel."

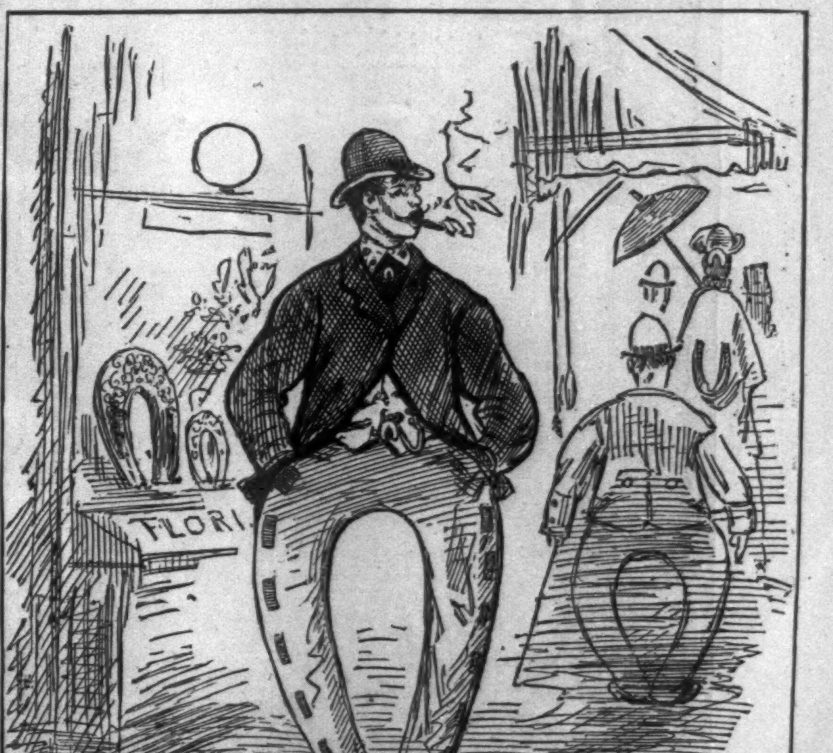
When a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove"; but it's human nature so to reply.

Jones says it isn't the color of her hair that troubles him in choosing a helpmate. The color of her money is what interests him vastly more.

"Is this my train?" asked a traveller at the Kansas Pacific dépôt of a lounger. "I don't know, but I guess not," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

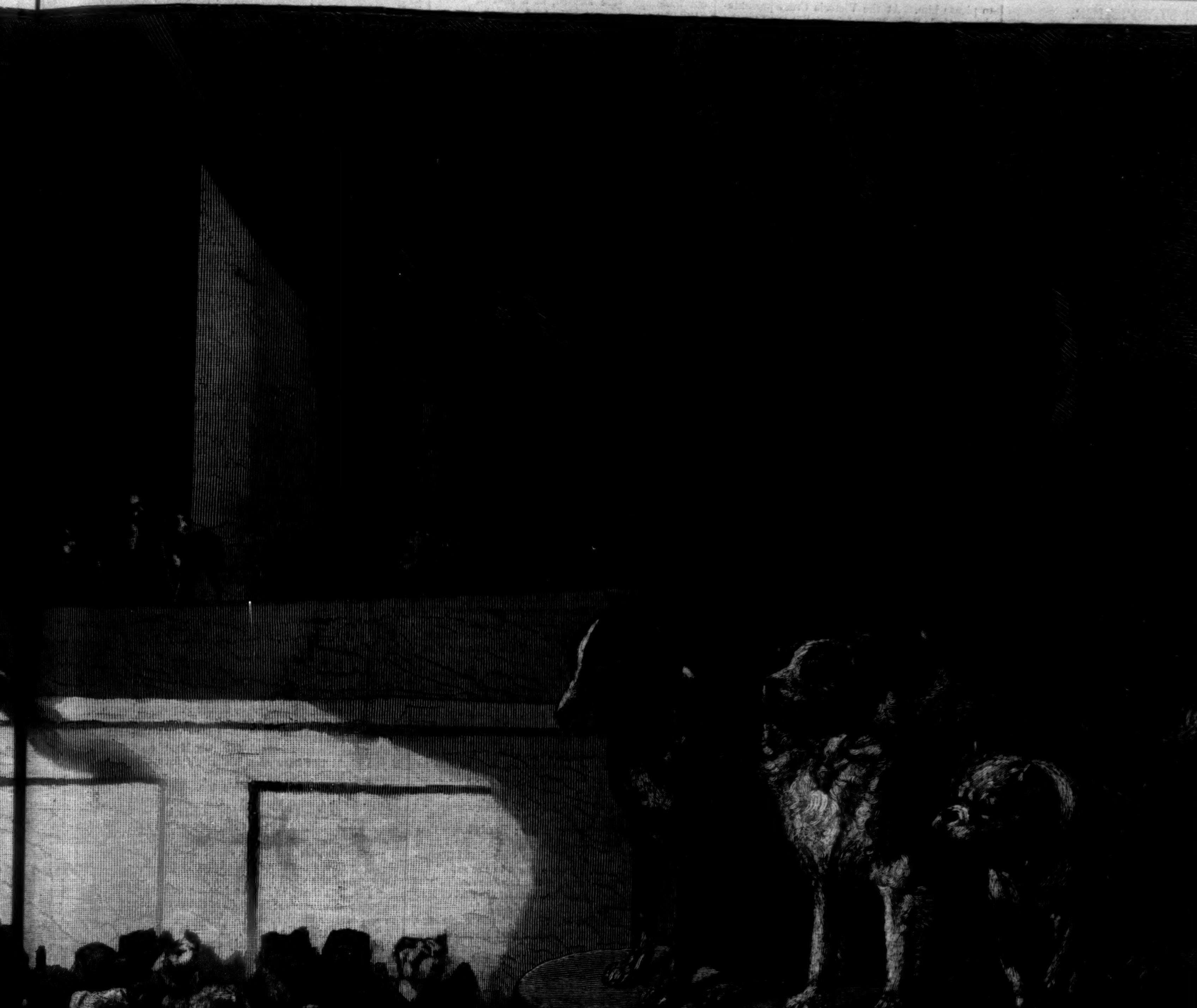
"Now," said the examining physician to the unhappy pilot, "you must pick out all the reds you see." The pilot commenced by grasping the learned professor's nose, which was worsted. "That will do," said the professor; "your certificate is ready."

"My boys," said a strict Churchwoman to her children, at the beginning of the recent Lenten season, "I should like very much to have you deny yourselves something during the solemn weeks of Lent. Will you do it?" "I will, mamma," said Johnny, a sedate child, who was very fond of griddle-cakes; "I'll do without my cakes in the morning." "That's a good boy. And what will *you* give up, Harry?" she asked of his little brother, a bundle of the purest mischief that ever lived, who was fond of play, but had no love for books. "Oh, I'll give up going to school, mamma, for my part," was his ready answer.



THE LATEST FEVER.
HORSESHOE TROUSERS WILL BE ALL THE RAGE THIS SUMMER.
(*Patent applied for.*)

THE DOG CONGRESS—CANDIDATES FOR THE B NCH SH



CH SHOW.—Drawn by W. H. Beard.—[See next Page.]

THE FLY-FISHER.

At morning gray he to the brook
  That murmurs through the dell repaired,
With ashen rod and fishing book,
  And elbow grandly squared.
His jack-boots, greased up to the knee,
Were water-proof, and so was he.

A bowlder in the brook he knew,
  Within whose shadow lurked a trout
That anglers who their deftest threw
  Not yet had wheedled out:
To wile which four-pound trout his mission was,
And that's just why he bent on fishin' was.

Now, flushed with hope, he marked the stream
  That round the brown old rock doth go
With bubbling splash and fitful gleam,
  And in its eddies, lo!
There stood nine women in three rows,
Deeply engaged in washing clothes.

Bereft of speech, his rising ire
  The angler curbed, although he shook;
He merely braced up his attire
  And strode into the brook,
Where, half immersed its gurgling stream in,
He made a cast for those young women.

And every time his line he threw,
  With several fly-hooks on it set,
A bundle of back hair he drew
  Unto his landing net;
Then homeward hied with merry fling,
Bearing nine chignons on a string.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

In our double-page engraving apropos of the great bench show, the artist gives an animated composition in which an examining board of dogs are gravely passing upon the claims of aspirants for exhibition. We see a group of staid old fellows, of different varieties, seated upon the stand provided for such judges. The spaniel which is supposed at the moment to be giving his pedigree is apparently receiving more attention from the assemblage generally than from those whose business it is to listen to him. His distant fellows seem to take a great interest in his affairs, as is shown by their eager looks, and the manner in which they mount upon each other's backs so as to be able to see above the throng. Several less interested groups appear to be conversing together at different points, while a timid greyhound on his way to the judges' stand is stopped by the threatening attitude of a small but fierce bull-dog that sits in his path. A setter examines with contemptuous curiosity the diminutive result of too much "breeding in" in the foreground, while in the distance appear several malcontents whose countenances show severe disgust with the whole affair. Altogether we have the doggies displayed as creatures possessed of character and no mean amount of thinking power. That they really are such every one who has had the least experience of them knows.

A French writer has boldly affirmed that, with the exception of women, there is nothing so agreeable or so necessary to the comfort of man as the dog. "Man," says **Burns**, "is the god of the dog; and see how he worships him! With what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what reverence he looks up to him, with what delight he fawns upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him!" Certainly there is a tie between men and dogs such as does not exist in the case of any other animal. On the dogs' side the devotion is sometimes so excessive that they have been known to die of joy on seeing their masters after a long absence. An army officer had a large dog which he left with his family while he accompanied his regiment on an expedition to a foreign country. During his absence the animal remained in a state of dejection. When his master returned home, the dog, which happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. There are other anecdotes of a character similar to this, but those that cast a more cheerful light upon the doggies are pleasanter to hear of.

On the wall of the reading-room of Bow Street Police Office, London, hangs the portrait of a remarkable dog. One day in August, 1857, an old, starved, homeless animal took up his quarters on the steps of a seldom-used door connected with the office. As neither dog nor man had a right to loiter in that doorway, the superintendent gave orders that he should be made to move on. As often as he was driven off, however, he reappeared. Sometimes gone for a night, he would be certain to come back to his old quarters in the morning. The men of the division at last became so attached to the dog that he was not only tolerated, but admitted within the station, and after being named Charlie, he finally began to be considered as a member of the police force. Charlie seemed to understand the responsibilities of his position. At a quarter before six every morning the first day "relief" was paraded in the yard of the station, previous to setting out on duty at six. At that hour, and at every parade, day or night, Charlie was always present, marching up and down in front of the line with all the importance of a drill-sergeant. On these occasions he was accompanied by the only four-footed animal he was ever known to associate with, namely, Jeanie, the office cat, who, with a bell tinkling at her brass collar, trotted at Charlie's side. Parade over, Charlie headed the "relief" in its march round the beats, and then went on a tour of inspection, walking for a while with this or that specially favored policeman. Charlie was also known as the "White Sergeant," and on state occasions, when the attendance of the greater part of the division was required, a sergeant's armlet was buckled round his neck. The decoration seemed to please him. At the Victoria Cross presentation in Hyde Park, 3500 of the police were on the ground. Charlie had been detained at the station, having been accidentally shut in a room. As soon as he was set free he made for the Park, and working his way through the immense crowd of spectators and police, took his place at the head of his own division. Previous to leaving the station his armlet had been buckled round his neck, and as he sat, stiff and erect as an old soldier, in front of the long line of constables, her Majesty, as she passed along the Park, was pleased to honor Charlie with a smile. After performing his duties faithfully as sergeant for nearly eight years, poor Charlie, who must have been at least twenty years of age, died in front of the mess-room fire. During his illness he was carefully nursed, and his death was regretted by the whole division.

The smelling powers of a dog are very extraordinary, and it is said that, making allowance for corporeal bulk, they are about four times greater than those of a man. The following illustration of what is possible to the canine nose comes from France: One day when **Dumont**, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking on the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover it and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. **Dumont** called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him back to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and the two friends pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller who happened to be just then returning in a chaise from Vincennes perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place. He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped incessantly up and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness, and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his trousers than they were seized by the dog; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away. The animal then began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveller posted after him with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold napoleons which was in one of the pockets gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran at full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment after, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling. "Without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage yielded to astonishment; he immediately presented the six-livre piece to the owner, and even went so far as to caress the dog which had given him such an unhappy chase.

There is an old couplet which runs,

> "A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree—
> The more they are beaten, the better they be."

As far as the woman and the dog are concerned, we venture to suggest that this is a complete fallacy. There is no more faithful animal in existence than doggie: beat him, and he will certainly obey; but in how different a manner from that he evinces when treated with kindness and persuasion! In the former case he obeys the command in a listless, frightened manner; in the latter, he does his duty with a pleasure that is clearly shown by the expression of the eye, the wag of the tail, and a certain sprightliness of movement. The same instinct which teaches him to know friend from foe, and to regulate his conduct accordingly, informs him when his master is unjustly harsh and rude. Sir **Walter Raleigh**, in his *History of the World*, wrote: "Doggies do alwaies bark at those they know not, and that it is their nature to." Of course good Dr. **Watts** would never plagiarize; still, his well-known hymn is strongly suggestive of an intimate knowledge of Sir **Walter Raleigh**'s work. Dogs will bark at those they know not; but Mr. **Webb**, a great canine authority, insists that "to their master's true friends their bark is but a note of welcome." They are often better judges of character than human beings, and their sagacity will frequently lead them to discover base intentions, however well concealed. The suffering they show when ill-treated should insure them consideration at the hands of those who have to do with them. There can, indeed, be no doubt that kindness to our faithful friend the dog is at all times more efficacious than harshness or cruelty.

Some ten years ago there was established in London an institution for the purpose of succoring distressed doggies. The "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs" was first established at Holloway, but its removal becoming a matter of necessity, a site was purchased for the sum of $7500 at the foot of the York Road Station, between Ludgate Hill and Victoria. On this site the present buildings were located, at a cost of about $100,000. The great object of the charity, as the name implies, is to provide a temporary home for lost and starving dogs; and it is hardly possible to calculate its usefulness in the prevention of cruelty alone. In one year no less than 6250 dogs were brought in by the police. Of these nearly seven hundred were restored to their owners, and about the same number provided with new homes.

According to an act of Parliament, all dogs must be kept three days, in order to give the owner opportunity to apply for a lost favorite. At the expiration of this time, if the dog be not claimed, it becomes the property of the committee, and is disposed of for a small sum, provided the purchaser can guarantee a good home. Many beautiful dogs can at times be bought here for a few shillings. If an animal has been so starved and ill-treated before being brought to the home as to make its life burdensome to it, it is killed. Only too often there is no other resource but this. But if its ailments are of a temporary nature, it has all the assistance veterinary skill can afford.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SIGNET'S PHILOSOPHY.

Like one in a nightmare, but without the consciousness that sometimes happens in such cases of its being nothing but a dream—nay, with the consciousness that, although too terrible for reality, reality it was—Amy arrived at Mr. Signet's door. The shutters of the jeweller's shop were not yet unclosed, but no sooner was the bell rung than it brought out no less a person than the proprietor himself. The sight of him, after her late talk with comparatively irresponsible or indifferent persons, afforded her a ray of comfort, while, on the other hand, her coming had obviously an agreeable effect on Mr. Signet.

"I am afraid I owe this honor, Miss Thurlow," he said, "to a stroke of misfortune; nevertheless, you are very welcome." He held out his hand, which she took mechanically, and followed him into the house. It was brilliantly lit up with gas, and she could hear people moving about, and talking together, in that state of hushed excitement which an event that has mystery in it as well as misfortune is apt to create in even the best disciplined households.

"Have you any news of my brother-in-law?" was Amy's first question.

"None at all, Miss Thurlow; I only know that he has not been here last night—a special messenger was dispatched to me with that information—and the diamonds are not in the safe."

Then for the first time the terrible significance of their absence (forgotten hitherto in that of Matthew himself) flashed on Amy's mind.

"Great Heaven, Mr. Signet!" she exclaimed, with fire, "you don't suppose that Matthew Helston—"

"No, no, I don't," put in Mr. Signet, earnestly. "I have the highest confidence in your brother-in-law's integrity: I feel a conviction that no relative of yours—no one whom you have permitted yourself to love and respect, could act so unworthily."

Amy's emotion was so extreme that she did not take in the full meaning of his words, but only the general drift of them. That he should be paying her compliments while a catastrophe so overwhelming was hanging over their heads never entered into her mind; she only perceived that Mr. Signet believed in Matthew, and she felt grateful to him accordingly.

"No one that knows him," she said, "could ever doubt him."

"That is quite my view, Miss Thurlow. Pray come in, and let us talk this matter over. This is your brother-in-law's own room, you know."

He led her into the chamber where Matthew was wont to sit and work among the clocks and birds.

Like the shop into which it opened, it was just now well lighted up, and had a very brilliant appearance. The glare of light, in such strong contrast with the wintry street she had just left, dazzled Amy's eyes, and as it flashed on the gold and precious stones around her, she felt like one in an Arabian tale who suddenly finds himself by malign enchantment imprisoned in a cavern of diamonds and rubies, helpless and well-nigh hopeless.

She had not breakfasted, and was exhausted with the exertions of the morning, and still more with its fret and worry. She was conscious that her mind, so long in a state of tension, had now become unstrung; and here was a man who, though menaced by a terrible pecuniary loss, seemed calm and cool, and to have his wits about him: it was only natural that she should have confidence in him, and that she should show it.

Mr. Signet noticed her pale face and trembling hands; and ringing a bell, gave orders for a cup of coffee to be brought, which she gratefully accepted, though the food which accompanied it she was unable to touch.

"Of course this matter is a very serious one—to both of us," he said, when the color had come back into her cheeks a little; "but nothing is to be gained by distressing ourselves unnecessarily. A gentleman came from Cavendish Grove this morning—"

"Yes: Mr. Barlow."

"Indeed. I did not catch his name," returned Mr. Signet, carelessly. "However, he tells me that Mr. Helston has not come home; he has certainly not been here; and I have sent to Lady Pargiter's, in Moor Street, and her people tell me he left the house—with the diamonds—about half past three this morning: that is all we have to go upon at present."

Amy bowed her head: that was indeed all the news they had of Matthew: little enough in one sense, but in another how momentous, how poignant with dreadful possibilities!

"The first thing to be done—in fact, I have already done it—is, of course, to give information to the police."

Amy started as if she had been stung, and the blood rushed to her face.

"The police!" repeated she.

"Well, yes; Mr. Helston's appearance has been described to them as accurately as we could, and is now at every station in the metropolis. If he has come to harm—which Heaven forbid—we shall know it in a few hours. Our next move will be to secure the cabman. Your brother-in-law always employed the same man, I understand—one John Rutherford; and Mr. Barlow promised to let me know at once where he lives."

"He lives at Hybla Mews, Brompton; I have been there myself this morning."

"Indeed. You are as prompt, Miss Thurlow, as you are energetic," said the jeweller, admiringly, as he put down the address on paper. "The man is missing, of course."

"On the contrary, he came home at his usual time. His story, which I heard from his own lips, is most extraordinary. He says that, the night being a very bad one, and my brother-in-law suffering from a cough and cold, Lady Pargiter had invited him to remain in Moor Street till the morning. He accordingly left him there, and came away."

"Left him in Moor Street!" exclaimed Mr. Signet, starting to his feet, "and on her ladyship's invitation! Impossible!"

"Of course it seems in the highest degree improbable; and when I called in Moor Street I received the same reply that was given to your messenger, namely, that Matthew had gone away as usual after having accomplished his errand. On the other hand, I am bound to say that Rutherford gave me the impression of one who is speaking the truth."

"It is possible," muttered Mr. Signet, pacing the little room with rapid strides; "everything is possible with a woman of that kind. She wanted the money—that I *know*—and tried to get it out of me. Since she could not effect the sale of her diamonds, she may be trying to make me pay forfeit for them. Twenty-five thousand pounds! It is shocking, it is terrible."

"But there is Matthew," urged Amy, pitifully: "what has become of Matthew? Oh, Mr. Signet, if you could but have seen his wife's face this morning!"

"To be sure, that is terrible too. But Lady Pargiter can't have murdered him. She would stop short of *that*, I believe. Then, again, her people are not so fond of her that they would risk getting into serious trouble for her sake."

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Signet? That her servants would not have helped her to put Matthew out of the way?"

"Yes, just that; to kidnap him—a monstrous supposition, of course; but then is not everything in this matter monstrous?"

"That is true, Mr. Signet. There is only one thing which we are absolutely certain can never have happened."

"I am with you there, dear Miss Thurlow. You allude to Mr. Helston's innocence. On that I will lay my life." He held out his hand, and Amy took it in her own and grasped it eagerly.

"God bless you for saying that, Mr. Signet. My brother-in-law is incapable of wronging a fellow-creature. Every one who knows him knows that; and it is a comfort to me to find that you—his employer—have the same opinion of him."

"I shall stand by him, my dear Miss Thurlow, never fear."

This time he took her hand in both his own and pressed it respectfully. She had never thought she could have liked Mr. Signet one-half so much as she did at that moment. Whatever happened, she felt that she would always have a grateful remembrance of his behavior in that hour of trial.

"And now, my dear young lady," he continued, "can you give me any information about your brother-in-law's mode of life—the least hint, however insignificant, may be of value—which may afford some clew to his whereabouts? I need not say that we are speaking together in the strictest confidence."

"Indeed, Mr. Signet, I have nothing to tell. As you have seen Matthew at our home, so he always is: domestic, simple, somewhat reticent and self-centred, he has not, I do believe, a friend in the wide world—besides yourself—out of his own family circle."

"Self-centred, you say," mused Mr. Signet; "then it is possible that he may have some engrossing thought—some secret trouble weighing on his mind."

"No, I think not; at least not now. There was a time, it is true, when his mind was greatly occupied with a certain scientific invention—an application of the atmosphere to purposes of locomotion."

"Ah, an aeronaut—a visionary!"

"Not at all; the notion, so far as it went, was eminently practical; the locomotive was a road engine. He certainly entertained hopes of its turning out successful, but of late months he has lost all confidence in it, and made up his mind to the disappointment."

Mr. Signet shook his head. "No inventor ever gives up his idea, far less accepts failure with resignation."

"Matthew is quite unlike other people, Mr. Signet."

The jeweller shook his head still more. "No doubt, my dear young lady, this invention has cost your brother-in-law some money?"

"I am sorry to say it has."

"And his notion probably was," continued Mr. Signet, "that if he had more to spend—a good deal more—the invention would have been perfected."

"I don't know about that," said Amy. "Mr. Durham would, I know, have been willing to risk something more—"

"Then Mr. Helston has borrowed money of his uncle?"

Amy's face flushed to the forehead: she felt that she was indiscreet in thus revealing family matters; and she did not see how her doing so could resolve the mystery of Matthew's disappearance.

"I believe Mr. Durham lost some money through his confidence in my brother-in-law's invention; but it was given, and without solicitation: it was not lent."

"I understand," said Mr. Signet. Then, after a pause: "Though to your knowledge Mr. Helston had no intimate friends in town, is it not possible that he might have been introduced, through this invention, to certain acquaintances—less scientific people than himself, but with more knowledge of the world? Have you ever heard him speak of such?"

"No. As a mechanician he was self-taught, and he did not care for the companionship even of those who had tastes similar to his own. He restricted himself, more than any man I ever knew, to the society of his own family; but, oh, Mr. Signet, to them he was so dear—so dear! To my sister, of course, he was all in all. And it is so terrible to have lost him."

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear young lady; but he is not lost yet, nor the diamonds either—only missing. Let us hope for the best— George, is that you?"

Some one had just come into the house, and was passing with heavy tread the parlor door. At the sound of Mr. Signet's voice he knocked and entered: a tall, middle-aged man, very clean-shaven, with a grave but by no means a harsh look.

"This is a gentleman from Scotland Yard; Mr. Brail, Miss Thurlow. Well, George, have you any clew?"

"Nay, sir, how should we? We have not got hold of the string at all yet."

"True. I can give you something, however. Here is the cabman's address who took Mr. Helston to Moor Street last night; and, according to his own account, left him at Sir Charles Pargiter's house. A most extraordinary statement."

The gentleman from Scotland Yard gave a pitying smile. "Well, we shall want *him*, at all events," he said.

"Do you know anything against the man?"

"John Rutherford," mused the detective; "no, not against the name; but of course that's nothing."

"His wife is a most excellent woman," put in Amy, earnestly, "and I believe her husband to be an honest man. I hope you are not going to put him in prison without proof."

"My dear Miss Thurlow," said the jeweller, "the arrest of this man is obviously the very first step to be taken. Think of Mr. Helston."

It was this very reason—that she was thinking of Matthew—that had moved Amy to speak. Would it not distress him, if he were yet alive, that one in whom he had such confidence should be thus disgraced, without due cause, and upon his account? And if he were dead, was it not still more incumbent on her to see that his keen sense of right was respected?

"Can not some watch be kept, Mr. Signet, over John Rutherford, so that, if guilty, he can not escape, while, on the other hand, if innocent, his good name may not be injured?"

The jeweller looked inquiringly at Mr. Brail, who nodded assent. "It can be done, no doubt, but it will run to money."

"No matter: since this lady wishes it, let it be so."

"Nay, indeed, Mr. Signet—" pleaded Amy.

But he stopped her with a wave of his hand.

"That part of the affair is a mere bagatelle," he said, "and not worth speaking about. Mr. Brail and I are now about to confer on the main matter. At a future time, probably very soon, we shall be glad of your advice and assistance; but just at first—my friend George here is very outspoken, Miss Thurlow, and not knowing Mr. Helston as we do, he might say things to wound you. It is his professional duty to look at what has happened from every point of view."

"I understand," said Amy, with an involuntary sigh, and rising from her seat. "I thank you very much, Mr. Signet, for your kindness and consideration. There is nothing for me to do now but to go home—though it will not seem like home now."

The thought of what must needs be happening there, if Matthew had not returned, and now that Mr. Barlow had gone back with such ill tidings, made her heart sink within her. "You will let us know directly—immediately—that you have any certain news; even if it is bad news, which God forbid, you will let us know?"

"I shall communicate with *you*, Miss Thurlow, in any case," said Mr. Signet, pressing her hand, and leading her to the door, where the cab was waiting: "I shall do my best in this matter, you may be very sure, and not only for my own sake. Keep a good heart, and hope for the best."

The advice was good, and Amy did her best to follow it; but it was very difficult. Her whole soul was by this time darkened with the shadow of a great fear; and yet it was so important that her eyes should be tearless and her voice firm when she came face to face, with her no news, to Sabey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

According to a recent article in the London *Academy*, the state of things in regard to the remuneration of authors both in Germany and France seems to be equally unsatisfactory to the writing class. A German publisher usually prints from 800 to 1000 copies of an ordinary book, 100 or 150 of which are bought by the libraries, and sixty or eighty sent to the leading reviews. The remaining 800 or thereabouts are distributed among the retail booksellers, who return those which are left on their hands at the close of the year. The publisher often receives more than his original 800, as the reviewers' copies find their way back to him. The *Revue Politique et Littéraire* says that the same phenomenon is by no means unknown in Paris, and instances a French poet who published a volume of verse in the early years of the Second Empire. The author intrusted ten copies to a publisher on the Quai Voltaire, and every morning, as he stole past the shop, cast a sidelong glance at his beloved volumes. What was his horror at finding them, in the course of a few days, increase to eleven, and then to twelve! The two waifs were the *hommages de l'auteur* returning to their parent nest. Professor Von Holtzendorf, in view of the great number of excellent works which are disposed of by the publishers at the price of waste paper, suggests that for a very small expenditure every village in Germany might have a liberal supply of good books. Unfortunately, according to Karl Hillebrand, the "general reader" is almost unknown in Germany.

Hope for the *Atalanta* is not yet wholly gone, although it is growing more probable every day that she has met an untimely doom. This British training-ship was last seen at Bermuda on January 29, when she sailed for Portsmouth, England. She had on board three hundred young seamen, with officers and crew. The *Atalanta* was a wooden sailing vessel, which was converted into a training-ship after the loss of the *Eurydice*, which, it will be remembered, was struck by a sudden squall when under full sail, and was swallowed up in the treacherous sea when almost within sight of Portsmouth. This disaster happened two years ago. Both these vessels had seen many years of arduous service, and although subjected to many repairs and alterations, it has been said that their employment as training-ships was, at least, somewhat venturesome. While there is a general belief that the *Atalanta* has encountered fatal gales in mid-ocean, some of the English journals think that her loss is improbable on account of the peculiar make of the vessel, which was such as would render her a safe ship, although an uncomfortable one from her rolling tendency. A bottle was recently picked up at the junction of the rivers Weaver and Mersey, purporting to be a message from the *Atalanta* while suffering from a "fearful hurricane;" but it is generally regarded as a hoax.

Some of the questions which will be brought before the new English Parliament are in reference to a home postage of one halfpenny, an ocean penny-postage, a sixpenny telegraph service, and a universal money-order system.

According to Professor Nordenskjöld, it will be some time yet before the north pole will be reached. He thinks that this event will not transpire unless some man begins to attempt it when he is twenty, and continues till he is fifty, because the explorer must be familiar with the peculiarities of the arctic seas, and fully that time is necessary to gain the requisite experience.

"Gentleman Joe"—this being the name which the persecutor of the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix signed to certain letters—has been sentenced to State-prison for three and a half years. It will be remembered that Williamson—as his real name is—sent through the post-office numerous letters, purporting to be from Dr. Dix or his family, which caused scores of people to call at his house on some supposed business, mentioned in these letters. The annoyance resulting was extreme. No adequate reason for Williamson's conduct has been developed; but he has amused himself in a similar manner before, and now is to suffer the penalty.

The building in which the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin is held is the newly erected Agricultural Museum, with temporary additions covering twice as much ground as the main structure, which is of stone, and seventy-five meters long by fifty-five broad. About twenty thousand persons visited the Exhibition on the day after it was opened. The price of admission is equal to twenty-five cents in the early morning hours, and half that sum later. This arrangement is designed to give an opportunity for those who wish to examine the articles carefully to do so before the crowd comes.

A correspondent having seen the item in a recent number of the *Weekly* of a postal card's trip around the world in 127 days, writes as follows: "I have a card that made the journey in 117 days. It bears the following postmarks: Mailed at Peekskill, June 4, 1879; London, June 16; Paris, June 17; Alexandria, Egypt, July 2; Cairo, July 2; Suez, July 3; Sea P. O., July 4; Calcutta, July 17; Singapore to Hong-Kong, August 3; San Francisco, September 20; Omaha and Pacific Railroad P. O., September 25; and it arrived here [Peekskill] on September 29, making 117 days."

The shoes which are to be worn by the men who accompany Captain Howgate on his polar expedition are of Philadelphia make. Each pair is said to weigh from four and a half to five pounds. The thickness of the sole is three-fourths of an inch, and between the inner and outer sole a thick layer of cork is placed to prevent dampness penetrating. The shoes are made of beaver cloth, and lined all through with lamb's-skin with wool upon it. Between the cloth and lamb's-skin pieces of bladder are placed to insure dryness to the feet. The shoes are made extra large, in order to permit the wearing of several pairs of stockings.

A beautiful work of art is an aquarium designed by Professor Von Miller, and recently exhibited at Munich. It was manufactured by command of the German Emperor, and is intended for the first prize at the fishery exhibition at Berlin. It consists of a large glass sphere supported by three Naiads, the spaces between the figures being filled with flowers. The stand on which the whole rests is of hammered iron-work, with dolphins and sea-plants wrought in copper intertwined in it.

A singular case for the doctors to investigate is that of a boy in Chicago, who was shot on February 18, the pistol ball entering the left side of his head near the base of the brain. He lay unconscious for a week, and then was afflicted with partial paralysis. Now his general health is good, although the hearing of the left ear is impaired, and two of the fingers of his right hand are paralyzed. But the most curious symptom is his inability to pronounce any word which requires much muscular exertion. On being asked where he lived, he promptly replied, "Twelfth Street;" but on attempting to say that it was near Centre Avenue, he was unable to pronounce the word Centre. His attempts to pronounce several other words were also unsuccessful.

In connection with the Five Points Mission there is a library of about two thousand volumes. The library-room is open every evening, and the average attendance is seventy-five.

Improvements are in progress at Coney Island. New water and gas works are being constructed. The "Oriental," a new hotel at Manhattan Beach, will probably be completed in June. The bathing pavilion at Brighton Beach is being enlarged. The Marine Railway is to be extended. In short, Coney Island is preparing for warm weather.

The *Will of the People* is the name of the printed organ of the Russian Nihilists. It is written, printed, published, and circulated in the most secret manner, and despite all the vigilance of the police. But it is said to be found on the table of the Czar, and under the pillows of statesmen and generals.

Certain Italian physicians have been investigating the peculiar condition of the miners who worked in the St. Gothard Tunnel. It is shown that labor in remote galleries engendered animalculæ resembling trichinæ in the internal organs, and the malady caused produced deplorable effects, and often caused the workmen to become confirmed invalids.

The obelisk ordered by Queen Victoria to be erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial fell in Zululand has been placed in position.

Editors should be on their guard in visiting menageries, else they may meet a misfortune—or would they count it *good* fortune?—similar to that which befell one of their number not long ago. As he stood in admiring contemplation of a colossal elephant that is the chief attraction of a famous menagerie, he was somewhat startled by the swift insertion of a prehensile proboscis into his great-coat pocket, and by the removal thence of a manuscript novel forwarded to him for approval. Ere he could utter an ejaculation of protest, the elephant had conveyed the whole story to its ponderous jaws, and after masticating it for a few seconds with obvious relish, swallowed it at a gulp. No evil results accrued to the elephant from its romantic meal.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

The town of Hatfield lies nineteen miles north from London, and is of considerable antiquity. The manor of Hetfelle (as it is called in Doomsday) was granted by King Edgar to the Abbey or Monastery of St. Ethelred, at Ely, and upon the erection of that abbey into a bishopric, in the reign of Henry I., A.D. 1108, is supposed to have acquired the designation of Bishop's Hatfield. It then became one of the residences of the prelates, who had no fewer than ten palaces belonging to the see. The Bishop of Ely had a palace at Hatfield, which, with the manor, was made over to the crown in the time of Henry VIII., but had been before that period an occasional royal residence. William of Hatfield, second son of Edward III., was born here. During the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., Prince Edward resided at the palace of Hatfield. Upon the death of his father, Henry VIII., the young King Edward was escorted thence by his uncle, the Earl of Hartfort, and others of the nobility, to the Tower of London, previous to his coronation. In the fourth year of his reign the King conveyed the palace to his sister the Princess Elizabeth. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary the Princess was removed from the monastery of Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, to London, and imprisoned in the Tower, in consequence of her being charged with participation in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyat. She was, however, permitted to retire to Hatfield, under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Here, in 1587, the Princess was visited by Queen Mary, at Hatfield, when she was received with great state and festivity, and a child sang, accompanied on the virginals by Elizabeth herself. Here, while seated beneath an ancient oak in the park, the princess received the intelligence of the death of Queen Mary. In the old palace Queen Elizabeth held her first Privy Council, and from hence she was conducted to ascend the throne. At her decease her successor, King James I., exchanged Hatfield for the palace of Theobalds with Sir Robert Cecil, afterward Earl of Salisbury, about which time his lordship commenced building the present mansion of Hatfield, which he finished in 1611.

The brick entrance leading to the park and grounds seems to be of a little earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII. A wall of several feet in thickness has been found, probably part of a building of much more ancient date. After entering, all that remains of the old palace inhabited by Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth meets the eye. A large portion of this is used as stabling and other offices. Here is the room where Elizabeth was kept for some time a state-prisoner. The chamber which she occupied is situated in the north part of this building. The exterior, of dark red brick-work still, is partly overgrown with ivy. The stable has a wooden roof springing from grotesque corbel heads, and is lighted from windows partly filled with stained glass on each side. This apartment is very lofty and of great size, and was the banqueting hall of the old palace.

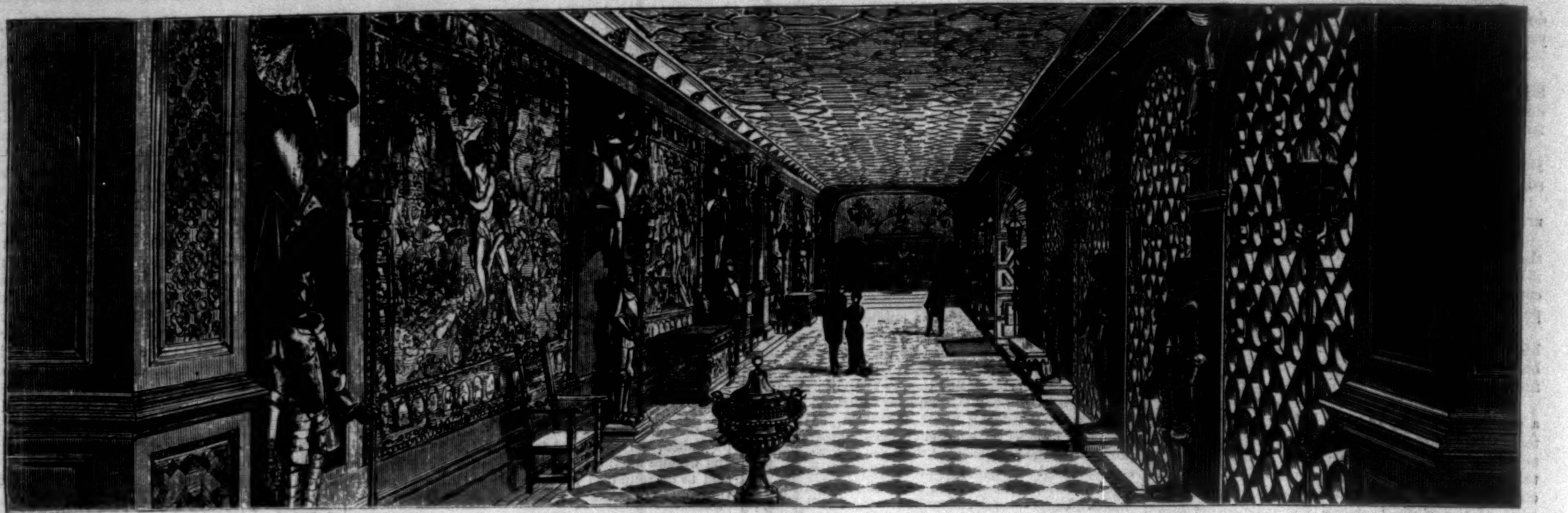
The present mansion is a fine specimen of the architecture of the Elizabethan period. It is built of brick, in the form of a half H. In the centre is a portico of nine arches, and a lofty tower, on the front of which is the date 1611, and each of the two wings has two turrets with cupola roofs. By the north entrance you are admitted into a spacious hall, which leads to a gallery of great length, open on one side by a sort of trellis-work to the lawn. Here is displayed a large collection of arms, some of which were captured from the Spanish Armada. Here is the saddle-cloth, of rich materials, which was used on the white charger ridden by Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. There is another saddle-cloth, used by the first Earl of Salisbury. There are also models, etc., and weapons captured in the Crimean war. The various apartments used as bed-chambers and dressing-rooms have a sombre yet rich appearance. In each chamber there are wardrobes and other furniture, carved in the style of James I.'s reign. The mantel-pieces of some are supported by massive pillars entwined with flowers, by caryatides and other figures. In this wing a fire broke out in November, 1835, when the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, the grandmother of the present Marquis, perished in the flames. The building has been well restored; and in the carved wood-work of a mantel-piece an oval gilt frame has been introduced, containing a well-painted portrait of the deceased marchioness when she was a young girl.

The Grand Staircase is one of the most magnificent features of this palace-home. It is ascended by a flight of five landings, and occupies a space of thirty-five feet by twenty-one feet in dimensions. The balusters are massive, and boldly carved in the Italian form. Above the hand-rail are represented genii, armorial lions, etc.; here is a carved hatch-gate, probably to keep the favorite dogs from ascending to the drawing-rooms. The upper division of the ceiling is enriched by a very beautiful pendant in the Florentine style, and has been colored and relieved by gold and silver enrichments, which are not, however, just to our taste. The wall is hung with choice portraits of the Cecils, many of them whole lengths, by Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Zucchero, Reynolds, etc.

At the foot of the staircase is the door of the Dining-Parlor, and over it a white marble contemporary bust of Lord Burghley. This room is panelled throughout with oak, and has an enriched chimney-piece and ceiling. This apartment is in the east front. Adjoining are the Summer, Breakfast, and Drawing rooms; and the remainder of the eastern wing, on the ground story, is occupied by spacious private apartments, furnished in the olden taste, with massive fire-dogs for burning wood. Some of the most valuable pictures are in these rooms, among them Zucchero's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth. The entire collection consists of nearly 250 paintings, some of which include the finest specimens of Zucchero, De Heere, Hilliard, Mark Gerards, and other esteemed portrait painters in the reign of Elizabeth.

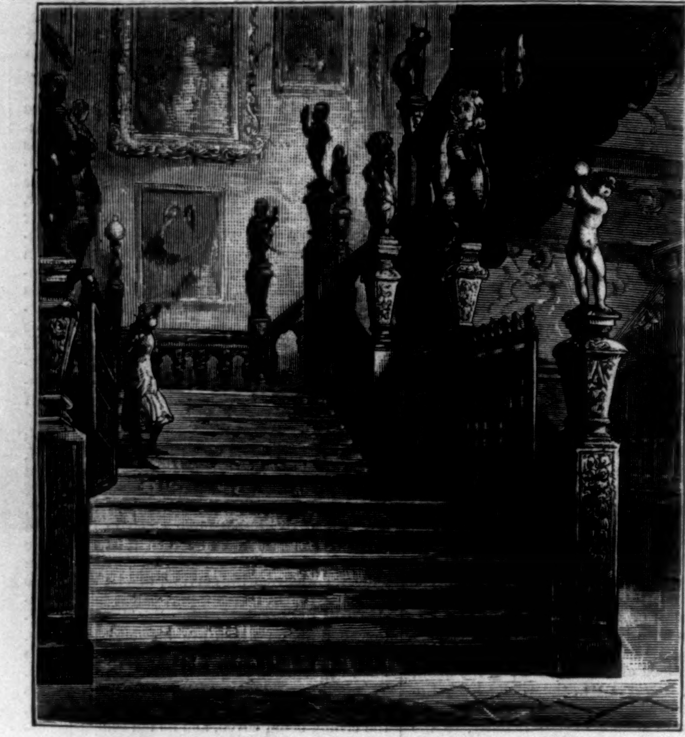
The Grand Staircase also communicates with the upper end of the Great Hall, or, as it is called, the Marble Hall, fifty feet by thirty. It is lighted by three bay-windows rising the whole height of the apartment, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the lord's table stood in the olden days. A massive carved screen runs the whole length of the hall at the east end, with an open gallery, enriched with carving, amidst which are introduced lions, forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, bearing shields of the cartouche form, on which are blazoned the arms. The room is panelled with oak, and the walls lined with splendid tapestry brought from Spain. This hall presents one of the earliest departures from the ancient open timber roof and louvre, the ceiling being coved, and its ten compartments filled with relievo heads of the Cæsars. On ascending the staircase, the first apartment entered is the great chamber called King James's Room, nearly sixty feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, and lit by three immense oriel windows. This vast apartment has the ceiling elaborately decorated in the Florentine style, enriched by pendants, and most elaborately gilt. From it hang six gilt chandeliers, of pure Elizabethan design. Upon the walls are hung whole-length portraits of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds, and portraits of the Salisbury family. Over the lofty chimney-piece is a marble statue of James I., and in the fire-place are massive silver fire-dogs. The whole of the furniture is heavily gilt.

The Library is of equal dimensions with King James's Room. Over the chimney-piece is a Florentine mosaic portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1608. The books, prints, and manuscripts are ranged in oaken cases, and above them is a series of royal and noble portraits. Hatfield is rich in historical documents. Here are the forty-two Articles of Edward VI., with his autograph; Cardinal Wolsey's instructions to the Ambassador sent to the Pope by Henry VIII., with Wolsey's autograph; and a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, emblazoned (1559), tracing her ancestry to Adam! The state papers in the collection extend through the successive administrations of Lord Burghley and his son the Earl of Salisbury, and include documents which came into Lord Burghley's possession from his connection with the court. Here are no less than 13,000 letters, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. Among the earlier MSS. are copies of William of Malmesbury's and Roger Hoveden's English History; a splendid MS. on vellum, with a beautifully executed miniature of King Henry VII.; a translation from the French of *The Pilgrimage of the Soul*, with the autograph of King Henry VI., to whom it once belonged. Of the time of Henry VIII. are a treatise on Councils, by Cranmer, and the original depositions touching the divorce of Anne of Cleves. Of Edward VI., here is the proclamation made on his ascending the throne, which is not noticed by historians. Of the reign of Mary is the original Council-Book. The historical MSS. of Elizabeth's reign contain memoranda in Lord Burghley's hand; the Norfolk Book of Entries, or copies of the Duke's letters on Mary Queen of Scots; a copious official account of the Earl of Northumberland's conspiracies, etc. Here are plans, maps,

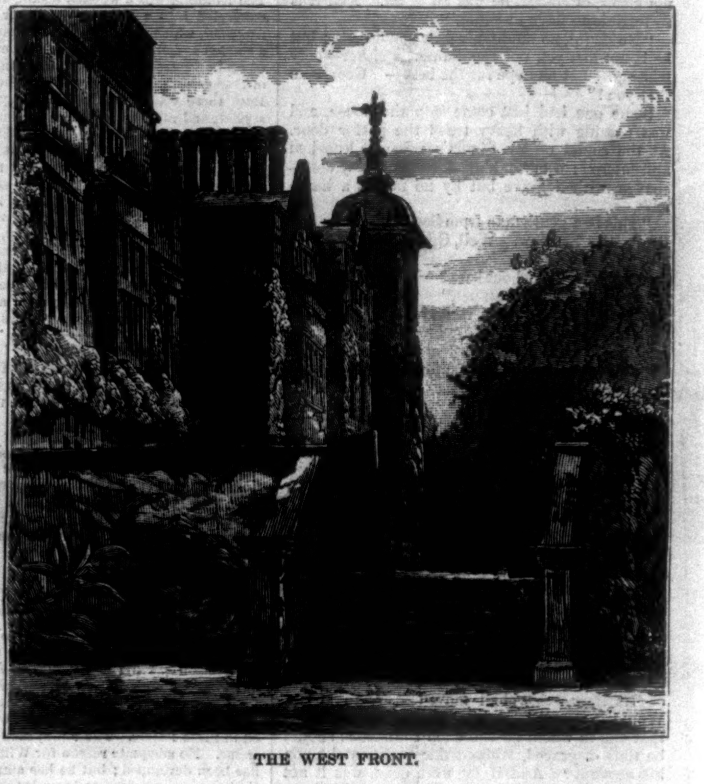


THE ARMORY.

and charts, from Henry VIII. to the present reign; the actual draft of the proclamation declaring James King of England, in the handwriting of Sir Robert Cecil; and various MSS. illustrating Raleigh's and the Gunpowder plots.



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.



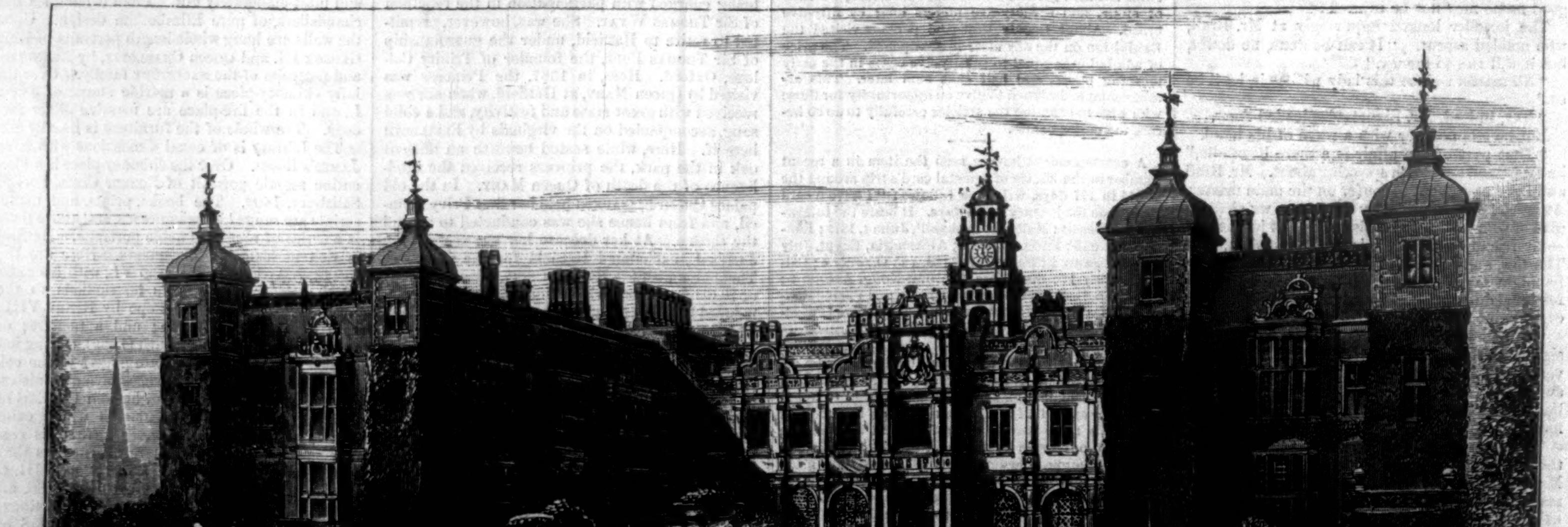
THE WEST FRONT.

Here are also several autograph letters of Elizabeth, and the Cecil papers; the oak cradle of Elizabeth; the pair of silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham; and the purse of James I. Here are also original letters and other memorials relating to the political affairs in the reigns of Henry VII. and Edward VI.

The Chapel, enriched similarly to the rest of the mansion, has a large painted window, and an oaken gallery hung with Scriptural paintings. The chapel and a suite of ten rooms were completed by the late Marquis, the rooms being of different woods, as oak, walnut, ash, sycamore, etc. King James's bedroom has the fittings, it is said, exactly as when the King last used them.

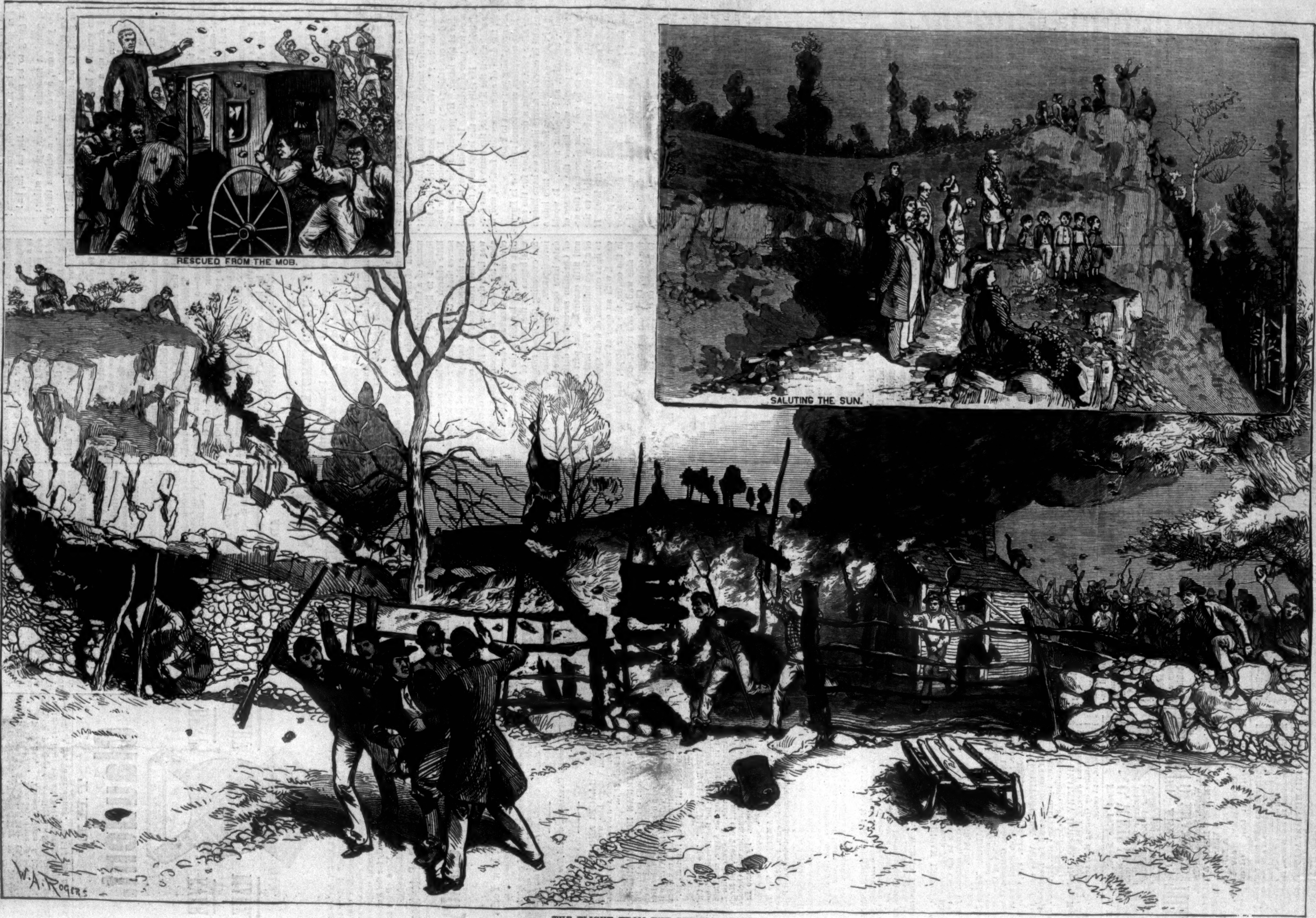
The Gardens and Vineyard were celebrated as early as the days of Evelyn and Pepys, who in their Diaries have described them. The Vineyard is entered through an avenue of yew-trees, cut in singular shapes, straight and solid as a wall, with arches formed by the branches, and imitating a fortress with towers, loop-holes, and battlements; and from the centre turfed steps descending to the river Lea.

The Privy Garden, on the west side, was very small, being only 150 feet square, encompassed by a stately arched hedge; a close walk or avenue of limes round the sides; in the centre of the plot a rock-work basin; the angles of the garden occupied by small grass-plots, having a mulberry-tree in each, reputed to have been planted by King James I., and bordered with herbaceous plants and annuals. The garden facing the east front is in the ancient geometrical style of the seventeenth century, and below it is a maze, which belongs to the same period of taste. Below the south front is the Elizabethan garden. The northern front is the principal one, and here and at the south front three pair of metal gates were placed in October, 1846, when the Marquis of Salisbury was honored with a visit by her Majesty and the Prince Consort. No home in England, erected at so early a date, remains so entire as Hatfield; the additions or re-erections have been made accordant with the original style, and the gates just mentioned are evidences of this judgment; they were cast in Paris, and are extremely rich and beautiful in detail, the coronet and crest of the family, in the headway, being picked out in colors.



SOUTH FRONT.

HATFIELD HOUSE, SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.


RESCUED FROM THE MOB.
SALUTING THE SUN.
W. A. Rogers

THE FLIGHT FROM THE BURNING HOUSE.

MOB LAW IN NEW JERSEY—THE SUNDAY RIOT AT PATERSON.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

Oh, grandma sits in her oaken chair,
And in flies Bessie with tangled hair.
"I'm going to be married, oh, grandmamma!
I'm going to be married! Ha, ha! ha, ha!

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string:
"Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn thing?"
"'Tis solemner not to, grandmamma.
I'm going to be married. Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Then grandma looks through her sixty years,
And sums up a woman's hopes and fears:
Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;
Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed.

Nowhere to live when the house burned down;
Years of fighting with old Mother Brown;
Stockings to darn and bread to bake,
Dishes to wash and dresses to make.

But then the music of pattering feet,
Grandpa's kisses so fond and sweet,
Song and prattle the livelong day,
Joy and kisses and love alway.

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string,
And gazes down at her wedding ring,
And still she smiles as she drops a tear:
"'Tis solemner not to. Yes, my dear."

DONKEY-BOYS IN EGYPT.

People who have visited Cairo can never forget the donkey-boy. He is one of the central features of the place. To travellers he is the incarnation of everything Oriental, strange, convenient, civil, and wonderful in Egypt. His activity, his ready tact, his good temper, his avidity for backsheesh, but, above all, his knowledge of English, are astonishing. You are addressed unexpectedly in remote streets in a very good imitation of your native tongue, "How you do, Englishman; want donkey?" When you have hired him, the boy does everything for you. He makes your bargains at the bazar. He prescribes the proper tobacco for your cigarettes. He points out the local celebrities. He tells you the latest news, the last scandal about the Khedive, the name of his donkey, the date of an approaching festival, and, in fact, everything you want to know.

Many travellers, accustomed to winter in Egypt year after year, retain a donkey-boy for the season, and in cases of severe illness we have known one of these extraordinary factotums turn into a tender, attentive, and vigilant nurse. It would surprise many people who know the virtues of the donkey-boy to be told that almost all the accomplishments which make him valuable to the traveller are exercised in defiance of the law. If you return to Cairo a second time, it is very probable that you will find your favorite donkey-boy in prison when you arrive. The law, made in the interest of the dragomans, is that a donkey-boy may not speak English, may not interpret, and may not pay money for his employer. Such a law, like the law about hackney carriages, can not be enforced with any regularity, but it is often made the instrument of oppression, either through envy or spite, and, in days now happily gone by, through tyranny. A boy thrown into prison for an indefinite period—for there is no Habeas Corpus Act in Egypt—used to be tempted to enlist. Many a recruit was thus obtained, and sent to perish in Abyssinia. The dragomans, who think that they only should be allowed to interpret, have not, however, been able to prevent the donkey-boys from learning English; and of late years, on many occasions, travellers have found it possible to go up the Nile, or on other journeys, with the help of a donkey-boy only, and no dragoman. The donkey-boy sometimes develops into a dragoman, but this can only be if he has learned to write and cipher; and some of the most accomplished "boys" remain "boys" to the end of their lives.

THE PATERSON RIOT.

Early on Sunday morning, May 2, a party of Germans from Paterson, New Jersey, went to Garrett Mountain, or Garrett Rock, as it is sometimes called, at the foot of which the city lies, to celebrate the rising of the sun, as is their custom in what is known as the "Mai Fest." On the way some of them attempted to cross a pasture-field owned by William Dalzell. The proprietor's son warned them off, but they refused to go, and a fight ensued, during which Dalzell senior fired the contents of a shot-gun into the crowd, and killed a young man named Joseph Van Houten.

Immediately an infuriated mob pursued the Dalzells, who fled to their barn near by. But they were soon driven out by a shower of stones, and compelled to seek refuge in their dwelling-house, a few feet distant. The police followed them in, and found them in the attic, where they arrested them. The mob then set fire to the adjacent barn, intending to smoke the men out of the dwelling. The flames from the barn caught the house, and the officers and their willing prisoners were compelled to flee amid a shower of stones and other missiles. The main illustration on page 333 shows this incident of the riot. The excited mob followed up, and attempted to lynch the Dalzells, but a courageous Catholic priest, Rev. Father McNulty, interposed, and while he was addressing the throng the officers succeeded in getting the prisoners into a carriage, and drove them off to jail, where they were safely placed out of reach of their pursuers.

Judge Dixon, in laying down the law of the case to the Grand Jury, declared that if William Dalzell fired the gun simply in protection of his property against trespassers, he is guilty of murder. But if the trespassers assailed him, and put his own or his son's life in danger, or caused in them fear of serious bodily injury, and the shot was fired to prevent this, then it would be excusable homicide, the act having been committed in self-defense. If the two Dalzells went to the mountain to do bodily harm or to kill, whether in protection of their property or not, then the son is a sharer in the crime of the father. Or if the son provoked an affray, relying on the presence of his father with the deadly weapon, and thinking he might use it, then, too, the son is guilty of the father's crime. "Every man in the crowd," said the Judge, "who endeavored in a tumultuous manner to obtain possession of Dalzell is guilty of riot, and the Grand Jury should present him for punishment. Not only those who threw stones, but all who entered into the design of the crowd that threw the stones, are guilty of assault and battery. When a man joins a crowd congregated for an unlawful purpose, he not only makes himself responsible for his individual acts, but also for all the acts and deeds of violence by the crowd. There was also the burning of a dwelling-house—a crime known to the law as arson. It is now the imperative duty of the Grand Jury to present at least the principal persons in that mob—the ringleaders—for punishment. There can be no safety in society unless every one is given to understand that when he joins a mob he will be held responsible for every action of that mob, even though he disapprove of it."

A BURIED CEMETERY.

The excavations at Salona, Dalmatia, carried on at the expense of the Austrian Ministry of Education, have just been recommenced, under the guidance, as before, of Professor Glavinich, the director of the Spalato Museum, to whose labors in this field archæologists are already so much indebted.

Outside the walls, a hundred yards or so to the north of the point within the walls where the remains of a Christian baptistery had already been brought to light by Signor Carrara, stands the little church of St. Doimo, whose name still preserves that of the protomartyr of the Roman city. Near this spot several sarcophagi of late Roman form had from time to time come to light, and it was here, therefore, that Professor Glavinich set about his work of excavation, with a view of discovering the extent and character of the cemetery that evidently lay below the surface. The work was begun in the autumn of 1874, with results far exceeding the most sanguine hopes of the investigators. These results, up to the present date, have been to lay bare not only a number of Christian sarcophagi dating from the fourth and fifth centuries, but part of the ground-plan of a large building. The first part of this brought to light consisted of what apparently was a small chapel, with an apse at the northern extremity; in the centre, the altar steps; and ranged along the side wall in two rows, one superposed above the other, Christian sarcophagi. These are still to be seen *in situ*, and one in the upper row bears an inscription, written from right to left, recording the erection of the monument in the consulship of Honorius and Theodosius, A.D. 403. This side chapel opens into a small intermediate chamber, where no tombs were discovered, and this, again, into the main body of what must have been a considerable basilica. At present only the eastern end of this, terminating in a semicircular apse larger than that of the side chapel, has been disinterred. This basilica was a veritable "Church of the Martyrs." The pavement had been built over an area literally crowded with Christian sarcophagi, the keeled roofs of some of these having been chiselled away so as not to interfere with the level of the pavement subsequently laid above them, and of which, indeed, they formed a partial support. It is remarkable that these nether sepulchres had been broken into for purposes of barbarian plunder, as were also those in the side chapel. The Christian cemetery must, therefore, in all probability, have been rifled by barbarian hands before the erection of what may have been a memorial church above them. The rifling of the tombs, probably of later date, in the chapel of this subsequently erected basilica, was no doubt the work of a later barbarian incursion, perhaps of the great incursion of the Sclavs and Avars about the year 640, which overwhelmed Salona herself. That the basilica itself—the Church of the Martyrs, as, perhaps, we may venture to call it—continued to be used for a considerable period is shown by the appearance of a triple layer of mosaic pavements, superposed above each other at intervals of a few inches. Above these lie the remains of mighty monolithic granite columns and Corinthian capitals, copied in slightly debased style from those still standing in the peristyle of Diocletian's palace at Spalato.

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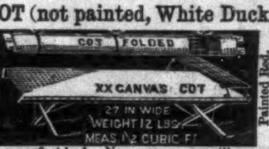

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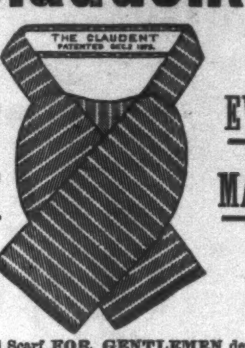

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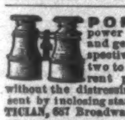

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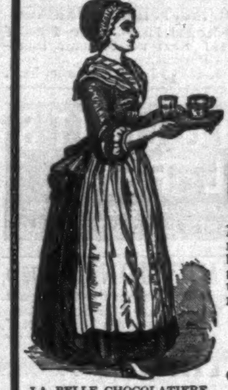

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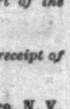

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